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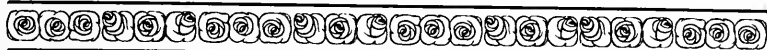
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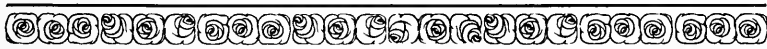
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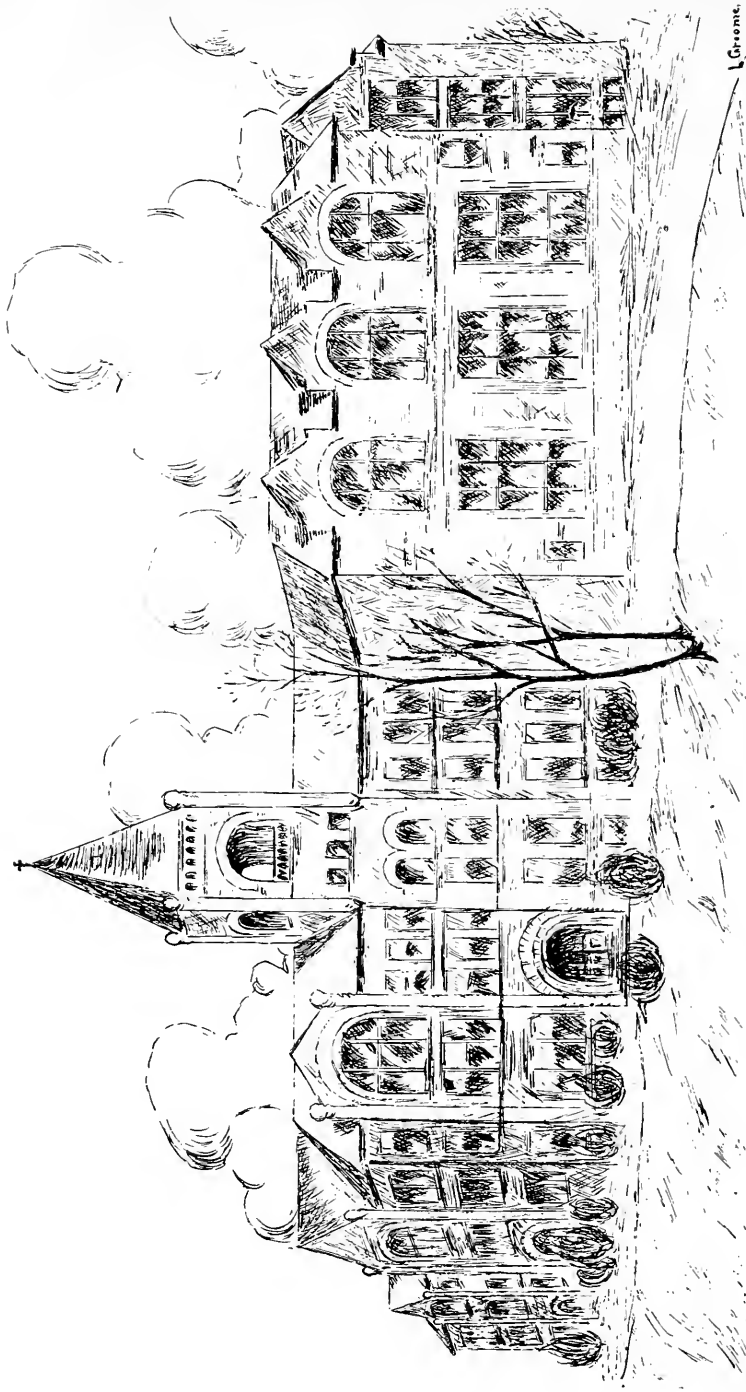


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THE HOME OF THE HERMES



To
William A. Evans
who
By a Quarter-Century of Service
to
Humber College Institute
Has Endeared Himself
to
Thousands of Her Students

This Edition is Respectfully Dedicated



OUR PRINCIPAL

Foreword

Another year has come and gone and with it a proud record of progress and achievement. The University Scholarships awarded to our students at the June Matriculation Examinations, the five City Championships won on the Athletic field, the shield for the best School Magazine in the Province are silent reminders of hard-fought and well-deserved victories. By their presentation of another panel of mural decoration and an Honour Scholarship Roll the pupils have again exemplified their love of "Alma Mater." The self-sacrificing efforts of the leaders in the different school activities are doing much to foster and maintain that "esprit de corps" so essential in the life of a great Collegiate. And the secret of our success as an institution is the happy relations existing between staff and pupils. May we hold fast to the high ideals and traditions of those who have preceded, so that, when the next year's record is written, it may still be said, "We are one of the outstanding Collegiates of this Province."

—*John S. Wren.*

Acknowledgments

The French say, with their idiomatic subtlety, "the magazine publishes itself." But we of HumberSide know better, because this year's *Hermes* was the product of unselfish effort on the part of the whole school. The staff itself, the students of every form, and the many clubs and societies in the school have all given their time unsparingly to make the magazine worthy of the school it represents.

We are indebted to Mr. Wren for his counsel and help in correspondence and to Miss Thompson for her many services in typewriting, etc. Mr. Medcof has again this year, by his good judgment and constant effort, guided the *Hermes* through the rough waters of anxiety to the harbour of Success. Miss Stewart, besides devoting herself to compiling and improving the Literary Section, has presided over a Poetry Club whose co-operation we have greatly appreciated. She was assisted in collecting poetry by Miss Ward, in Third Form work by Miss Kells, in articles by Mr. Bennett, and in stories by Miss Stock. Miss McPhail, with the help of a small but efficient staff of her own, has made the Lower School section one of the best in the magazine.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Wooldridge for his work in recording the school's activities, to Mr. Clarke for his aid in procuring humour, and to Mr. Milburn for his advice to the Business Staff. The work and taste of Mr. Wismer and the Camera Club is evident in all our fine pictures. The sports were supervised by Miss Michell, Miss McAllister, Mr. Devitt, Mr. McLellan, Mr. Norris and Mr. Patterson.

Two of the best-known members of our staff, Dorothy Miles and Frank Coburn, were, through reasons beyond their control, obliged to resign at the first of the year, and, although their pictures do not appear, we are grateful for their whole-hearted support.

We are prevented by lack of space from mentioning the names of those who have in other ways so generously contributed to the success of the magazine. We can only point to the *Hermes* as their achievement, a silent testimonial of their unceasing effort.

Hermes Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	EDWARD WALTON
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<i>Associate Editor</i>	CLARK BALMER
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 C. Balmer, G. Morison, A. Sharpe, N. Smith, Mr. Medcof, Miss McPhail, E. Walton, M. Hand, B. Henning.



The Hermes, 1930

The typewriters have finally ceased their frenzied clacking; the long galley-sheets have gone back for the last time; our hands are at last free from paste; the whole hectic rush is over—the Hermes is out. Its publication marks the passing of another milestone, because on its pages are recorded the school's activities for the entire past year. It is a tangible expression of the spirit and soul of Humberside, a creation of Humbersiders.

In dedicating this edition to Mr. Evans, we believe we have paid a lasting tribute to an old friend and, at the same time, retained a memoir of that friendship. You may wonder why we have included an etching of the school and photographs of the mural painting and scholarship roll. It is true that they are now familiar sights, but perhaps, in the days to come, you will value a copy of them.

We have endeavoured to model our magazine after the best journal in the province—last year's Hermes: we have done our best to retain all its good points but have not had to shun its bad points because we could find none. The structure throughout has been kept the same but we hope you find our choice of subject matter an improvement. Assured of financial welfare, we have spent more on our pictures.

To Humberside's "Hall of Fame" we have admitted thirty pupils and have interviewed two of our outstanding teachers with a view to establishing a more intimate acquaintance.

More than anything else, however, we have attempted to broaden the outlook of this year's magazine. An essay on "Shall we go to college?" portrays the possibilities that lie beyond matriculation, while an article on "What our graduates are doing" points out what our older brothers have achieved in various outside fields of endeavour.

Messages from both Dr. Anderson and Trustee Edmunds contain excellent advice on how we, too, may emulate those who have gone before.

We have tried to incorporate articles that may be of interest to those who are not attracted by fiction.....Last year's slogan was "There is something in the Hermes for everyone." This year's maxim is "Everything in the Hermes is for everyone."

Read your Hermes carefully from cover to cover—it is all yours. Note where it is at fault and where it may be improved. Criticize it constructively so that next year's magazine may profit by our mistakes and be strong where we are weak.



The Editor's Convention

Owing to the formal disbanding of the Sigma Delta Chi, the men's journalistic fraternity, it was at first thought that there would be no Convention this year. However, late in November, under the leadership of the Sigma Phi, the women's fraternity, delegates from everywhere in Ontario met in Convocation Hall.

The Convention being opened by Sir Robert Falconer, the delegates were welcomed by Miss Iris Robinson, president of the Sigma Phi. The convention and its purpose were then explained to us by Mr. W. J. Dunlop, who conceived it to be primarily a "council circle" for our common problems.

Mr. Sanderson followed with a graphic and dramatic interpretation of some of the highlights of modern literature. Mr. Mitchell next explained some of the rudiments of typography and proofreading, and gave us several valuable suggestions for the composition of our magazine. The last speaker of the morning, Mrs. M. Muir, put before us the chief rudiments of the short story, and of its title. The morning session concluded with our allotment to discussion groups, to be led by prominent literary men and women of the city.

In the afternoon session, we were addressed by Mr. Gregory Clarke of the Star, who presented the Star shield to the Sigma Phi, to be awarded to the best magazine in the province. Following this, Mr. McNaughton spoke to the business staffs of the various magazines. We then toured the Star Building, and afterwards were treated to a very pleasant afternoon tea.

That evening the delegates gathered at the banquet table, in Burwash Hall. After several toasts, Dr. E. J. Pratt read his poem entitled "Ice Floes." Then, to us, came the most outstanding event of the evening, when Miss E. Powell presented the Star shield to the "Hermes," as the best magazine in Ontario. Edward A. Walton, representing last year's staff, received the shield and thanked the Star and the Sigma Phi. The "Hermes" wishes to congratulate B. Campbell of Jarvis Collegiate, who won the book prize for the best short story in any magazine. The banquet concluded with an address by Mr. N. J. DeWitt, editor of the "Varsity," on "The Evolution of an Editor."

The following morning, in Hart House Theatre, Mr. Bridgen spoke to the Art Editors, and Mrs. Groves discussed poetry. A humorous skit was presented, followed by a report from the convenor of each discussion group. Mr. N. Moore of "MacLean's" and Mr. G. H. Locke of the public library next spoke to us. In the closing address of the convention, Mr. R. E. Knowles left with us the following quotation from Ruskin: "No great man is truly appreciated except by his superiors or his peers."



The New Mural Painting

The unveiling of the second of the five panels which are to comprise a complete mural decoration on the western side of our auditorium, was one of the most interesting features of our latest commencement. The splendid subject and the artistic beauty of the work again drew much praise to the school and to the artist.

The imaginative powers and the skill of Mr. Lismer are as well shown in this treatment of an historical theme as they were in last year's expression of an allegorical one. To those who have seen this panel, as well as to those who have only the accompanying picture to study, his interpretation will be of interest.

"This panel, if taken literally, is chronologically impossible, for all the figures gathered here never could have appeared in one spot together. History is a movement in time—a picture or a decoration is a movement in space. So the painter takes a liberty, as one might say, "poetic licence," and, for the purpose of giving a pictorial expression of figures, great in the history of Canada, he assembles them on this hillside. We *know* they recede in time and that will help us to see them also receding in space. This panel is, in a way, a symbol of early endeavour to establish a foothold in the New World, and represents the explorers who dared the seas and the wild untrodden wilderness to make a new home for the white man in the West.

"In the distance, fainter in colour and weathered in the mists of time, are the Vikings, almost too remote for pictorial expression. Then comes Cabot; down the picture toward the centre is Cartier, and below him, the central figure of all, the founder of New France, Champlain. To his right is a typical Coureur de Bois, then De La Salle, with the standard. Coming into the picture from the left are the religious figures of Jesuit and nun. At the foot of the panel, to the left, is the huge figure of an Indian, proud and warlike, also a little Indian maid. These represent the old inhabitants of the new world. In the background is a vista of sea and ships and mountains.

"This panel is nearly all French in its figures, but so was our history in the early days. The next panel will show the British, with Wolfe and others. At the foot of the panel is a long one supplementing the upright panel and balancing the blue of the zenith—this represents the idea of the coming of the white man.

"All on the left of the central panel will represent "The Contributions of the Old World," of those who came, and saw, and conquered. The panels to the right of the central panel will represent "The Contributions of the New World," of those who were the early settlers, farmers and pioneers who conquered the prairies and the forests for our sustenance, who brought us of the present day comfort, wealth, and educational opportunities."

—M. Hand, V-A.



THE SECOND PANEL



Hec Creighton

Mr. Creighton—popular teacher, star coach, all-round friend—how we loved him and shall remember him. “Hec” (for since he is no longer a teacher, would not mind our calling him that) was with us only in 1927-8, but during those two years, won the admiration of the whole student body and the hearts of the girls as well as those of the boys. In the hall, Hec knew and spoke to everyone, the star of the rugby team and the first former who didn’t know a rugby ball from a balloon. On the rugby field or basketball floor, he had a way of arousing the fellows’ spirit, which won many thrilling games for the “Garnet, Grey and White.” It was in the capacity of coach that many of us learned to know him as a friend, but Mr. Creighton considers every Humbersider a personal pal, and was, and is, ready to help us in any way he can.

The news of his leaving came to us as a shock, a sudden jolt. We had learned to love him dearly, and were sorry to lose him, but not half as sorry as he was to leave Humberside. However, he has gone to Windsor, where it will be convenient for some American college to hire his services, and another of our best all-round coaches, athletes and regular fellows will be lost to Canadian sport because we can’t afford to keep him.

There is nothing Hec would sooner have done than stay at Humberside, but he has much to look forward to, and we all join in saying: “Best o’ Luck, Hec!”

—Bill Leachman, V-A.

A Word from the Business Manager

With the publication of this issue another business year in the life of the Hermes has come to a close. It has been the biggest and best year that the Hermes has ever known.

No matter how many fine authors, poets, humorists and artists we may have in our school, it would be impossible to present their efforts to you, in the form of a magazine, without adequate financial management.

Few readers realize the large expenditures involved in the publication of a magazine such as the Hermes. The printing, of course, is the greatest single item of expense. Then there is a large sum for engraving and numerous other expenses which, taken all together, make a total of over a thousand dollars. If the Hermes, as it has been able to do in the past, can meet these expenses, and, after all debts have been settled, show a profit, then, its success, not only from a financial standpoint, but from every other angle, is assured.

That the Hermes is a success financially is due to a variety of reasons. The income obtained from advertising and from subscriptions has been, as it is in every publication, the principal source of revenue. The capable handling of the circulation department by Louis Marks of V-A has been responsible for an appreciable increase in the number of copies printed this year, in spite of



the fact that the enrolment at Humberside shows no marked increase. The advertising, which has surpassed all previous records, and upon which the very life of the magazine depends, was well taken care of, at the beginning, by Frank Coburn of V-A and carried to a most satisfactory close by Bill Henning of IV-C and his assistants, among whom should be mentioned Dorothy Cook, Arthur Swadron, Warren Gilbert, Leonard Williams, Harold Coone, Merideth Twible. Besides these, credit is due to a host of other workers who have given unselfishly of their time to aid the Hermes.

The Hermes has gained strength with every year of its life, until now it can cast aside that fear, which faces every young magazine, that of being plunged into debt. Since the object of the Hermes is not to accumulate any large surplus, the staff has felt justified in spending more money than has ever been spent on any previous issue, but we feel that the obvious result has justified this expenditure.

The Business Staff of the Hermes concludes its task with a certain amount of satisfaction in the feeling that it has done its part to make the Hermes a publication worthy of the institution which it represents.

—Arnold Sharpe, V-B.

Shall We Go to College ?

A question which arises in our early years of High school is "Shall we go to college?" Toward the end of our fourth year, this question becomes more pressing. A decision and a choice of subjects must be made. To a great many of us the answer to the question "Will going to college enable me to make more money?" determines our procedure in this matter.

In the end, money with a narrow sphere of interest will not lead us to the full enjoyment of life. The aim of higher education is to broaden our understanding and enable us to live a more varied life. This training gives us, therefore, the power to think things through, to get to the bottom of matters, and to form our own opinions unbiased by the trivialities which cloud the issues. No matter which university course we take, it will develop in us the faculty of making swift and sure decisions in time of stress—a faculty of great value, in any walk of life.

Having decided to go to college, the next question which arises is "to what course am I best adapted?" This calls for a decision which we should not make too hurriedly, because it is one which will probably influence our whole life. It is unfortunate that some choice of subjects is made in first and second form, for who can know what latent talent he may have in the subjects discarded, and without these he may be barred from some courses? Would it not be a much superior system to have everyone carry the full course until the fifth year? Four or five years at high school should bring out desire and aptitude for certain subjects and this, along with the objective we have in view for ourselves, should largely determine our college course. Most of us find it easy to discover the subjects in which we excel, but to find an objective for ourselves is more difficult.



"THE HERMES"



To those who intend entering a course which more or less definitely leads to a profession, it is the advice of a well-known professor to try and obtain a little practical experience before making the final decision. Too often the things we like best in theory are distasteful in practice. Commerce and Finance is a good example of a course of this type—it is a training for clerical work. It is, therefore, advisable for one contemplating entering this course to take an office position for a few months.

Before deciding our course it is of utmost importance to obtain from the university a copy of the calendar which contains the description of all the courses. By consulting this and always remembering the two things mentioned above—aptitude and objective—we ought to be able to choose with fair accuracy, but if our choice turns out to be a poor one, let us not hesitate to change it. What does a wasted year mean when compared with a whole life of uncongenial toil.

—F. Coburn, V.-A.



Our New Teachers

Mr. R. P. LaPierre is a graduate of Queen's University and a specialist in French and History. He has taught eight years, four of which were at Point-aux-Trembles. He also represented his country during the Great War, 1914-1918. A native of Quebec, his mother tongue is French. Already he has endeared himself to those students who are so fortunate as to have him for their French teacher.

Miss Alice A. McNair, B.A., is a graduate of Toronto University. She is an experienced teacher, having taught in Wingham, Midland, Burford, and Hamilton. She teaches English and History. Her dramatic talent is proving useful in directing the annual school play.

Mr. C. S. Patterson, B.A., of Toronto, came to us from Oshawa C.I. He is a specialist in P.T. and also a talented musician. The boys of the school appreciate the splendid work he is doing in athletics, while his musical talent is appreciated at the morning assembly.

Miss Mary E. Lynch, B.A., a graduate of Queen's University, came to us from Kitchener C.I., where she established an enviable record. She teaches Latin and is interested in dramatic work. No doubt her many talents will find ample scope at H.C.I.



"THE HERMES"

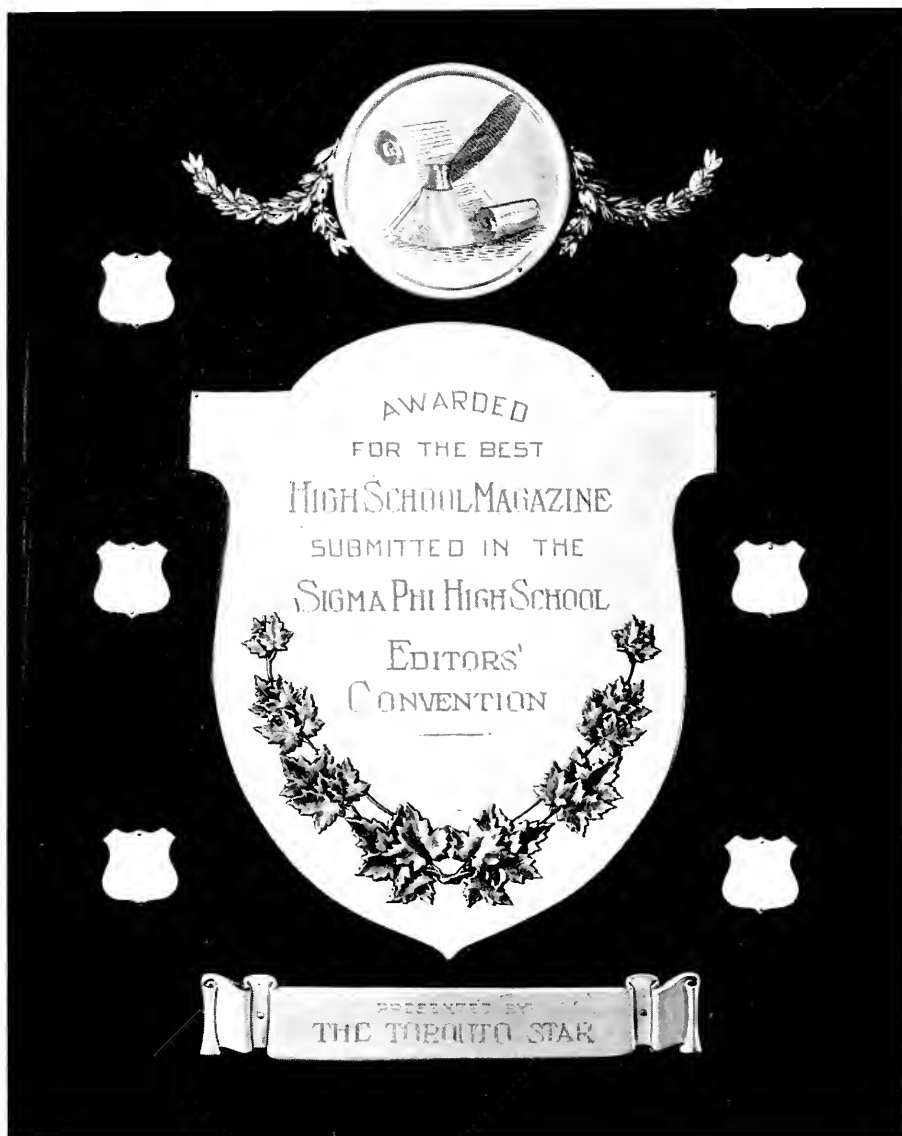


The Honour Roll

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS			SCHOLARSHIP LEADERSHIP CHARACTER GAMES
1900 ANNIE E. DUNCAN Moderns	1910 FITZALLAN PHILLIPS Maths.	1927 ARCHIBALD CURRIER Maths (U)	1927 MARION HAUGH WILLIAM NOYES
1901 ANNIE E. DUNCAN Maths & Maths.	NORMAN S. CHISHOLM Maths & Mod.	1912 EDGAR W. PYKE Class.	1928 HELEN PATTERSON LAWRENCE CHANDLER
1902 ETHEL CHUBB Class & Maths.	1912 EDGAR W. PYKE Mod. & Class.	CATHERINE MCKINNEY Eng. Hist (U)	
1902 ETHEL CHUBB Class & Maths.	1913 JONATHAN SHARPE Maths & Science	1928 ETINICE NOBLE Mod. Prof.	
VICTOR L. WILLMOT Maths & Mod.	LESLIE G. KILBORN Mod. & Science	Aikins (Vic.) Bigger (Vic.) Carter	
J. ROSS G. MURRAY Maths & Science	1914 HELEN M. SMITH Moderns	KATHLEEN RUSSELL Mod. Prof.	
JOHN CARLISLE Dale, Classics	1915 MARIE PETERKIN Maths & Mod.	DAISY BOLTON Maths.	
1905 CARLTON W. STANLEY Class. & Maths.	1915 MARIE PETERKIN Maths & Mod.	CARROLL I. COBURN Science	
CHARLES G. FRASER Mod. & Science	1921 GORDON W. BROWN Wheeler (U) (U)	FRED G. JACKSON J.D.O.P.	
ANNIE M. GILLIES Gen. Prof.	GLADYS BLACK Gen. Prof.	HELEN PATTERSON Margaret (Vic.)	
1906 ALFRED L. BURT Maths & Science	1924 ALBERT W. TUCKER Maths Prof.		
MORRIS J. McHENRY C.J.-R. (McGill)	Aikins (Vic.) Carter		
1907 JENNIE McFARLANE Maths & Science	GLADYS BALLANTYNE Thompson (U) (U)		
WILHELMINA L. COLBECK Eng. & Moderns	1926 JEAN PINCHIN Aikins (Vic.)		
1908 GEORGE ELMO EVANS Mod. & Class.	1927 FRANK P. ELVINS Maths Prof.		
KATHLEEN BYRAM Moderns	Aikins (Vic.) Carter		
1909 MARJORIE N. COLBECK Physical Class.	MARGARET SIME Mod. Prof.		
MURIEL WILCOX Maths.	Gibson Bigger (Vic.) Aikins (Vic.)		
PRESENTED BY GRADUATE CLASS 1928-29			

Mr. E. D. Ford, B.A., is a graduate of McMaster University. He has had eight year's experience, having taught in Saskatchewan, British Columbia, and Ontario. He has charge of the Geography department and is proving a worthy successor to Mr. Evans.

—Velma Breen, V-C.



The Shield of Merit
and
Its Winners





Once again Time has reaped his harvest of graduates from our Upper School. For the last time with a cargo of books, they have set sail from the familiar halls of Humberside for the rolling seas of College life, and the luring waters of commerce and an independent income.

Lawson Blake, Ron. Geddes, and Art. Lord are, for the present, helping Eatons' to increase their trade, while Bill Baird and Hazel Doust are delving into the depths of the insurance business. The latest revised list of high pressure salesmen includes such famous names as Roland Bond, Dudley Evans, and Bruce Henderson. We are also advised that Leone Johnston and Marjorie Robertson are short-circuiting the Hydro-Electric offices. Barbara Robinson is doing clerical work at the Bell Telephone, and Jack Evans is basking in the light at Sun Oil.

Bill Willis is writing sport articles for the Globe instead of compositions for Miss Stewart. Fred Keefe has transferred his smile to the patients' room in a certain hospital just south of the corner of Bloor and Dundas Streets, where he is studying for his "degree." Gord. Henning, of moustache fame, W. Harper and H. Sievert hope some day to own their own banking corporations.

Now let us turn to those who are sailing the seas of college life. Queen's has claimed "Pete" Lewis, while Ev. Sisson and C. Ingles have entered the Royal Military College to study engineering. Humberside students who have entered S.P.S. are such famous gentlemen as Bill Armstrong, last year's worthy president of our Literary Society, Reg. Grass, A. Gardiner, M. Podhorcer, H. Belyea, and Max Turner. Elinor Binns and Ray Agnew, in company with D. Axler and B. Miller, hope to sprout into financial magnates when they pass through the process of Commerce and Finance. Humberside is well represented in English and History by such grammarians as Berna Langford, Lois Darrock, T. Ewing, E. Seager, and Doris Pringle in Philosophy. Among the girls who are learning how to burn cakes and give attacks of indigestion to their future clients and husbands are Betty Chinn, D. Shantz, H. Emerson, A. Stevens, M. Mulhall, G. Tenenbaum and T. Bain. K. Jermyn in Meds and Helen McKenzie at Wellsley, on the contrary, are carefully studying how to restore the health of the girls' clients. We sincerely hope they will be successful.

The names of E. Burford, Roy Grass and L. Milne will soon be familiar to everyone as second Einsteins and eminent scientists. Moffat Hancock may often be seen plodding through the halls of Victoria, heavily burdened with large volumes of world history. In Pass Arts, C. Cockrance, M. Payne, R. Mace, and L. Leslie are seeking the path to their goal.



Our last year's scholarship winners are continuing their studies at Varsity along lines similar to those in which they have been so successful—Jack Vanstone in Mathematics, Ross Richardson in Maths and Physics, and Henry Noyes in Moderns. Humberside hopes that they will have even greater success in their chosen careers.

Graduates more original in choice include Jean Gordon who expects to become a physiotherapist, M. Terry an instructor in music, and Doris Collins, who is continuing her studies in elocution. G. Lynes, J. Gartley, E. Stevens and H. Irvine are embarking upon the tempestuous seas of the teaching profession.

In concluding this chapter of Humberside history, the editors, on behalf of the student body, wish to each and every graduate—“Bon Voyage.”

What Our Graduates Are Doing

Some students of Humberside seem to believe that the chief end of life is the achievement of a graduation diploma, and that, this goal attained, their troubles are over and they may live in slothful ease. Rummaging in the annals of the past, and comparing them with those of the present, we have made some interesting discoveries which may help to dispel this illusion and show that there is a broader horizon than that of school life. Humberside does not altogether lose track of her graduates, and rejoices with them in their success.

Of the more recent graduates, Henry Noyes is perhaps the most outstanding. Not long ago, he read some of his poetry before the Canadian Author's Association, and since then he has been awarded first prize in the poetry competition in the “Varsity.” Noreen Masters, who designed the “Hermes” cover, and has won several prizes in art at the Technical School, read some of her poetry the same night, representing the Technical School, where she is now teaching. Helen Morral has also distinguished herself in the realm of art, as well as in that of writing, for, besides winning art prizes, she has received a short

story prize. Jean Pinchin last year won three scholarships, and Marie Tremaine was especially fortunate in winning a scholarship in Library Work, as a result of which she is now studying in England. Early in February, another ex-Humbersider, Walter Dent, came into prominence through the publication of his war book, “Show Me Death.”

Lorena Richardson has made a success of Household Science and is now head dietician at Simpson's Arcadian Court. Her brother, Leland, is the official bell-ringer at the Metropolitan Church, and has several times rung the carillon in the Soldier's Tower at the University.

In the world of politics, Humberside is ably represented by the Premier of Saskatchewan, and in that of science, by Dr. Robert Harris, who has been awarded the Reeve prize for valuable medical research work.

Doubtless this is only a very sketchy outline of the achievements of some old Humbersiders. If we have omitted anything noteworthy, it was not by design, but merely lack of knowledge, and we do not for a moment forget, that many great deeds are done of which the world never hears.



No more glowing challenge could have been hurled at a collegiate magazine than that which was given ours by the editors and contributors of last year's "Hermes"—the best High School Publication in Ontario for 1929. With the acceptance of this challenge, the aim has been not only to maintain but also to surpass the standards of excellence set for us.

In selecting the material which should be printed we have based our decisions especially upon the style of the work and its interest to the reader. This year, third form co-operation has been better than ever; the variety of interesting subjects with which its members dealt was scarcely surpassed

by the senior forms. The increased number of writers in the whole section has been gratifying, for it makes our magazine more truly representative of the school. To those whose contributions appear on the pages of this section, as well as to those whose efforts did not "make the grade" this time; and to those teachers who, in word and in action, encouraged their pupils to write for the magazine, you owe the pleasure and the profit which we hope will be yours as you read.

May next year's Literary Department receive the same enthusiastic co-operation, and may its editors find the same enjoyment in their work!

—Margaret Hand, V-A.

Ra, God of Harvest

Far up in the clouds,
Ra, the sun-god stands.
He watches o'er his people
And smiles upon their lands.

Far below, the priestess,
In glittering array,
Chants the songs of harvest
In honour of god Ra.

Incense perfumes the air,
The chant is low and sweet,
The zealous worshippers
Toss blossoms at her feet.

Blue is the sky above
Where Ra, god of the sun,
Watches o'er his people,
For harvest has begun.

—May Fryer, IV-A.



"THE HERMES"



Awakening

The day of the fair at Minety had been as perfect as a flower that bursts into bud, slowly unfolds its chalice to the sun for a few hours, fades and dies. From sunrise to sunset a happy-go-lucky, motley crowd of farmers, mingled with gypsies in their garishly coloured dress, had swept by the stalls and the tents, laughing, smiling, everyone with a song in his heart.

When the sun had slipped behind the tree-tops and darkness was descending, the merriment swelled to even greater heights of joy. In one corner of the common, the young people whirled around and around in breathless delight to the music of a violin which they had induced a slender gypsy lad to play. Scarcely could they resist dancing to the alluring music drawn from the quivering strings by Kazan's skillful hand. Nobody played like Kazan. When he made his violin sing, it seemed as though his very soul was speaking. Tonight, however, he had forgotten himself completely and had mounted a little hillock whence, happy in their happiness, he played gay, sprightly airs for the young folk.

Now and again, the more sedate martial music sounded across to him from the opposite corner where the older people were holding their dance. The effect was charming. First the butterfly air that Kazan played soared high and clear into the atmosphere; now a strain of an old-fashioned waltz rose on the breeze; then both would be lost in a weird but delightful harmony, softly and faintly intermingling.

A night breeze snatched the last

breath of music away. Reluctantly, the girls and boys prepared to leave. Two by two they slipped away, until only a few farmers remained, collecting their wares. When they had rumbled off in their wobbly carts and the noise of their going had faded away in the distance, a peaceful silence closed about the common. All sound had fled, leaving a restful calm, disturbed only at intervals by the sound of a bird or animal abroad at night in the woods.

The clock in the church tower struck four. A sleepy bird, awakened by the sound, flew up out of the turret with a frightened twitter. Below him, a small, lithe figure with elfish face paused for a moment and looked furtively about her. Nobody—nothing in sight. She squeezed out of her hiding-place formed by a niche in the wall of the church, sped across the moonlit square, and then retreated with increasing swiftness down the dark country road, red skirt and raven hair floating on the breeze.

For ten minutes, Shuri ran as swiftly as a deer and as straight as an arrow, never slackening her pace a moment, past an ancient milestone almost buried in hedges, past fields smelling deliciously of sweet clover and trees rustling softly. Now she was approaching a wooden gate. Two rapid steps up its bars, a quick twist of her left leg, and she dropped lightly down on to the soft dirt. Once over, Shuri looked about with her dark face screwed up in perplexity. Suddenly her roving eye lighted upon the desired object far across a field of yellow flowers.

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A few minutes later, she stood beneath the spreading branches of an ancient apple tree, gazing up in anticipation at the globes of shiny red fruit. She seemed to be revelling in the very sight of the apples which to her were symbols of the greatest luxury. A whole tree to herself!

A hooting owl from the thicket across the lane which marked the boundary of the farm, broke the spell and warned her to hurry. Putting one dainty foot into the crotch of the tree, she swung her slim young body on to the first branch, paused lightly, then scrambled to a higher bough where, after perching herself comfortably with the trunk as a back-rest, Shuri, sighing ecstatically, began to eat ravenously, the biggest and juiciest apples. One apple followed another, each more slowly than the last.

Her hunger somewhat appeased, Shuri stood up to gather more. It was foolish not to get as much as she could while she had the chance. She reached up a brown hand into the leaves above her, broke off an apple and let it drop as gently as she could to the green grass below. Another was about to follow, when she lifted her head and listened intently. Borne on the fragrant summer breeze, the faint far-away strains of a violin floated to her ears. As she hearkened, Shuri realized that the sound was coming nearer, growing louder, for gradually she could make out some



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definite melody. Shuri felt something stir in her heart that had never been moved before. The music seemed to weave about her a spell so strange and new that it frightened her into quivering.

Down the lane she saw the music-maker, a dark, slender form, moving slowly along, his head laid lovingly against the violin, dreamily playing a song that seemed to rise from the very centre of his being. High in her tree, Shuri waited, entranced, for the boy to come nearer. By the pale light of the waning moon, her keen eyes discerned how dark he was, that his dress was different. Leaning forward and peering more closely at him, she instantly recognized Kazan of the fair. He was close to the tree now and would have passed. At the same time the voice of the violin suddenly burst forth into stronger rising tones, and Shuri, unbalanced by the tumult of the emotions thus awakened, dropped the apple which she still held in her hand, barely saving herself from a similar fate by a quick jerk backwards.

Like a cry the music broke off abruptly on a soaring note. Kazan turned towards the shaking tree to investigate. What he saw—scarcely what he expected—was Shuri the dancing girl, of whom he knew little, though she belonged to his tribe, looking down at him with frightened grey eyes.

"What in the world are you doing up there now?" he queried in a rather surprised but peremptory tone.

Now that the spell had passed, Shuri became herself by assuming a hostile attitude, for she was angry at being discovered.

"What in the world are you doing, playing a violin along the lane at night like a crazy fool?" she retorted.

Instantly his face softened and he smiled gently. "We are both silly people, aren't we?"

Shuri moved uncomfortably. This wasn't the kind of reply she had expected at all.

Kazan leaned nearer the fence. "But won't you really tell me why you are up there? I always play at night when the world is silent and listening, yet I'm sure you can't always climb apple trees by the light of the moon."

Shuri was silent. She was not going to tell him. Anyway, he was just another person who would spread her bad reputation before her, call her Amazon, ne'er-do-well, thief. She looked at his kind and pleading eyes, felt her cold heart melting, and decided to tell him.

"I was stealing apples," she said and gazed at him with unquailing eyes.

"Were they nice?"

"Yes," she nodded in surprise at his question.

"Let me lift you down to talk to me," and he put out the arm that was not holding the violin.

"Thank you, I can get down myself." Followed a hasty scramble on to the low fence, a graceful leap, and she was before him. Kazan laid his violin and his bow carefully on the fence, and turned towards her, looking down seriously into her face as he placed two hands gently but firmly on her shoulders.

"Shuri, why did you steal those apples?"

She merely looked steadily into his eyes, standing as straight as a rod in front of him.

"Didn't you know it was wrong?" Again only a wide stare answered him, this time her smooth rounded chin settling into resolute lines. Kazan was secretly delighted with his fas-



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cinating Eve. Such eloquent silence, such clear, wide-set eyes! He moved aside resolutely, picked up his precious violin, and said soberly, yet with a twinkle in his eyes:

"Listen." With his bow he struck a harsh, ugly sound that startled Shuri's serene gaze. The other chords were all just as hateful as the first; cold, clumsy, hard, like the face of the chief as he lashed her with his leather whip. Shuri closed her eyes, wincing at the remembrance. Unable to bear the sounds longer, she stamped her feet childishly and clapped her hands over her ears.

Kazan stopped and moved towards her, smiling slightly. "You don't like it? But that's just how ugly you are inside," he added as her eyes flashed fire at him.

"You'd be ugly if you hadn't eaten anything all day," she returned defiantly, "and the reason I didn't was because I kicked Toni for laughing at my new dance. Now you know everything."

"Oho, young Amazon, such spirit! Then it's your own fault," Kazan replied, but in such a playful manner that Shuri could not be angry at him for calling her names. He didn't even reprove her.

After a brief silence, Kazan started suddenly and glanced up at the sky. "Look!" he said. Shuri instantly realized that it was no longer dark, and that a thin, opalescent haze, spreading over the heavens in the east, foretold dawn.

"Come, you must let me take you home."

Shuri looked at his finely-cut features slowly and asked hesitatingly, "Will you play for me again?"

Kazan felt his heart rush up into his throat. Had his music moved her

so soon? Inside, he felt confused and quivering with eagerness, but outwardly he nodded and smiled very slowly, as he tucked his violin under his chin. Walking down the lane beside him, Shuri watched his dark, handsome face which filled her with a strangely sweet feeling. Never before had she known what it was to like a person. Kazan was so different; he treated her gently and the music he made thrilled her in an alarming manner.

Beneath an ancient finger-post they parted, Kazan promising to play for her again, Shuri nodding delightedly. Then she fled for the caravan, happy.

The changes that had come about in wicked little Shuri were evident enough to provoke the chief's comment, though he admitted he didn't know why she had so suddenly changed for the better. Even Shuri herself did not know the reason. But Kazan knew.

"You were a hungry little soul, craving beauty and getting only ugliness. That is why you felt so happy when I played for you," he explained one evening, long after the fair.

Shuri nodded. They were sitting on a stile together in the twilight of a summer evening.

"It's so wonderful, this new feeling," Shuri said softly, turning her head to stare up at Kazan. "Your music was like the rain that blesses the thirsty ground and fills our earthen jars. Before, when people jeered at me, I hated them and said worse things back. But now (sighing) I feel sorry that they should have such ugly thoughts and I want to tell them all the lovely things I can about you and the beautiful music you make."

Kazan smiled tenderly. "There is only one thing left," he said slowly,



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curling a lock of her black hair about his finger. "When you cry over the music, I shall know that your thoughts and actions will never be ugly again, and you will be able to dance perfectly."

He watched her as she sat motionless, staring into space. Kazan leaned nearer until his hair touched her face. Suddenly she sprang up and shot away from him with the swiftness of an arrow, racing across the darkening field like a startled deer. His eyes followed her until she vanished like a wraith into the woods. He shook his head slowly, admiringly. "When she finds my flowers on the grass, she will come back."

The moon was rising when Kazan descried a small figure in the distance moving towards him. Instantly he took his violin from which there presently breathed a low sigh of sweetness and relief, rising to a

thrilling, throbbing harmony of a soul pouring forth its love, when he saw Shuri glide into the beautiful picture, a swaying fairy form as she danced to his music floating exquisitely pure and sweet, now in tender monosyllables of magical music, now high and joyously loud.

Moved to tears by the stabbing beauty of his own music, Kazan watched her with the corner of his eye, saw her sink suddenly to the grass. The music tremblingly expired.

He crouched down beside her and lifted up her tear-drenched face, lighted up by a pair of shining grey eyes.

"Oh Kazan—it's so beautiful—that I'm crying. I'm crying, Kazan—but oh, isn't it funny—my heart is like a singing bird—"

—Joan C. Garton, *V-A*.

To Night

When noiselessly the ev'ning shadows gently steeped
The weary earth in solemn stillness dread,
And every ray of light the sky had fled,
And all the world had hushed itself in sleep,

I wandered lone amid the shroud-like night
And marvelled that the earth could lie so dark,
As if it had no beauty to impart,
Beneath the darkened heav'ns so lately light.

But when mine eyes beheld the glories there
Of shining stars their watch to keep, awake,
And beauteous moon, that only God can make—
To raise my voice in praise I could not dare.

For lo, the wonders of the silent night,
In truth so real, had burst upon my sight.

—Dorothy Inez Fisher, *IV-B*.

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Mrs. Rochat



The editor asked for an interview with Mrs. Rochat, and by a series of tactful questions elicited this information.

Norma Rochat
(a gallimaufry)

Appearance: 8.10 a.m. at the latest.

Disappearance: 3.35 p.m. sharp.

Disposition: Variable—best, the third period in the morning; worst, at 3 p.m.

Indispositions: Last century—croup, whooping-cough and chicken pox; this century—measles, grippe and mal de mer—ONCE.

Gravity: 120 lbs.

Levity: Frowns upon it.

Likes: Cross-country hikes

Dislikes: Spearmint gum

Steep hills

Sea bathing

Flying

Gurry

Epstein

Psycho-analysis.

Lemon pie.

Personals: x x x x x x x x x x
(deleted by the censor).

Impersonals: Teaches French and German and likes her work.

Weaknesses: Space does not permit.

Favourite Quotation: “Qui vivra verra.”

Favourite Book: Cook Book.

Favourite Recipe: Première partie: Prenez un chevreuil; mettez dedans un cochon de lait, dans lequel vous introduirez une dinde. Dans cette dinde vous mettez un poularde, dans la poularde un faisan, dans le faisan une perdrix, dans la perdrix une bécasse, dans la bécasse une alouette, et dans l'alouette une grosse olive.

Deuxième partie: Faites rôtir pendant sept heures.

Troisième partie: Jetez le chevreuil, le cochon de lait, la dinde, la poularde, le faisan, la perdrix, la bécasse, l'alouette, et mangez l'olive.



Ralph's Mistake

"The bird is possessed, Dick," said Ralph to his cousin. "She won't say a word, no matter what we do."

"Well, Polly may do better in future, Ralph," returned Dick, indicating the parrot which had so far defied the combined efforts of Ralph's family to make her speak. It was three weeks since Polly had been given to Ralph for a birthday present, and never a word had she said.

"But she was guaranteed to be a genuine talking parrot," Ralph cried.

"Then why don't you take her back and buy another one?" countered Dick.

"I burnt the guarantee ticket, and there was no bill," Ralph said. "But if she doesn't talk soon, I'll wring her old neck," he finished savagely.

"Oh! let's think of more cheerful things," Dick said. "For instance, what are we going to do this afternoon? You know that I can stay here only for a few days, and we must make the most of our time."

"Well," returned Ralph, "I suppose we shall have to hoe the garden, and do numerous other chores, but if we really want to go anywhere, never fear, we shall be able to slip away."

Just at this point Ralph's mother called them, and they were obliged to wait until after dinner to continue their conversation.

"Let's go to the old mill-dam, Ralph, and go boating on the pond," suggested Dick, when they were again in their room, and after teasing the parrot without visible effect, had settled down once more to their plan of campaign for that afternoon.

"But we are not allowed to go there," protested Ralph. "It's very dangerous, and anyway, I can't swim."

"Pshaw! There is nothing so dangerous about it. I can swim fairly

well, and we are going boating, not swimming," replied Dick.

"Well, we might be able to manage if you do as I say," Ralph answered dubiously, and he began to relate to Dick their plan of action.

By an elaborate system of back doors, hedges, and board fences, they at last managed to reach the shelter of the barn, from which they issued on the side opposite the house. By taking a short-cut through the fields, they soon arrived at the pond above the dam. Here they found, as they had expected, an old and much battered boat, which, fortunately, was equipped with a pair of oars. They had some trouble in launching the boat, for it was poorly balanced, but at length they gained mid-stream and began to row from the dam. They had been going up-stream for some minutes, when Ralph, who was not rowing, attracted by the flash of some bright object, leaned over the gunwale of the boat to investigate. Leaning over too far, he upset the boat. Instantly they were thrown into the water, and were battling with it for their very lives. Dick, who could swim a little, trod water, looking about for his more unfortunate cousin. He found him struggling and gasping for breath. By much exertion, he succeeded in keeping his cousin's chin above the surface of the water, but his strength was failing, and he knew that they would soon go under. Just as it seemed that his muscles would break under the strain, and that he and Ralph would take their leave of this world, he heard a man's voice calling to him to hold on. It was a matter of seconds before Ralph and Dick were being lifted from the water into a boat.

"You saved my life, Dick," Ralph



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remarked huskily when he had recovered his breath enough to speak.

"No, I didn't," contradicted Dick. "It was Bill Wright who saved our lives."

"No, I didn't," said Bill Wright emphatically. "I only took out my boat and did the rescue work."

"Then who was it?" asked Ralph.

"Wait until you get home, and then you will know," Bill said; and as each one was occupied with his own thoughts, the discussion was dropped.

When they were once more at home, they did learn the story of their rescue. Not long after their departure, Ralph's mother missed him. A frantic search failed to reveal a single clue until, standing undecidedly in the middle of the room, she heard the harsh voice of Polly.

"To the mill-dam—mill-dam—boating—mill-dam." These broken phrases were all the information needed. In a few minutes, Bill Wright had been told of the plot by Ralph's mother, and had set out in his boat in search of the boys. The rest of the story, the boys knew. Dick was thinking of the waiting in the chilly water when minutes had seemed like hours, when he was interrupted by Ralph's voice.

"So Polly really saved us after all, though both you and Bill Wright helped. And I said that I was going to wring your neck if you didn't talk," he added, turning to Polly. What more he would have said was cut short by Polly's loud tones.

"To the mill-dam—mill-dam—boating."

—G. Bucher, III-C.

Snow at Evening

Softly the snow falls,
From the dark skies;
And through the bare tree-tops
The wind gently sighs.

O, what radiance and purity there,
Shines from that blanket of snow, so fair;
Snugly it keeps the old earth warm,
Wrapping it round with sparkling charm;
Robing the trees in garments white,
Making them ghosts in the fitful light.

Softly the snow falls,
Through the still night;
And beyond the dark clouds
Are stars shining bright.

Fragile white softness, did God make thee so?
For 'tis surely from Heaven that cometh the snow.

—Gladys Evans, III-A.



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The Clay Cylinder

The flaming sun was sinking at last behind the wind-tossed dunes of the desert and night was descending with tropical swiftness upon an endless expanse of undulating sands. The day had been one of burning, torturing heat, but with the fall of darkness came the sudden cold of the Eastern night, making the shivering Arabs draw their blankets more closely about them. The myriads of blazing stars came out and the cold, white moon sailed high above a silent world of silvery sand.

At a little distance from a pit in the floor of the desert, were pitched a handful of cone-shaped tents, whose long, pointed, black shadows lay motionless, like grotesque spikes guarding the camp. They were all dark and silent except one in which a man was sitting on a canvas chair before a small table. He was a young man, but his lean, strong features, bronzed by months of desert life, seemed set and older as the light from a spluttering tallow candle jerked and twisted them.

He was turning over in his hands a small gray-clay cylinder covered with short, wedge-shaped indentations. It was no different in appearance from the hundreds that were dug up every day in excavating the library of the ancient Babylonian city of Salamon, but the story which it had held for so many centuries was of vital interest to him. As he turned it slowly, he deciphered the words which had been indelibly scored there ages before.

"O Ra! Mighty Father of the Sun, God of Gods, Ruler of Men, to whom I, Agasson, the king, son of Menolon, the king, do offer my everlasting

praise and supplication. Hear my woe and advise me in what manner to dispel it. Many suns ago, when my daughter Chloon was but a child, playing by the mighty sea which Thou alone rulest, she did meet with a young boy, dark and lean of stature, whom she did praise and admire. He did teach her to believe not in Thee and to love not me so that I caused him to be exiled from my kingdom. Nor did my daughter forget him. As the years rolled on, she grew to be a woman of rare beauty, with hair of yellow gold, even as Thy light, and I did resolve to marry her to a mighty prince, Musteres by name. But on the eve of her betrothal, she did flee to her boy-lover who lay burning with a fever in a far-off land; and ere I could reach her, she, too, had been consumed by the flames of the sickness."

The clay cylinder rested motionless in the young man's fingers as he gazed pensively out the flap of his tent upon the starry heavens and the waning moon. He was thinking of his own childhood in England when he had played on the seashore with a golden-haired girl; Helen Merrill her name had been. She, too, like the Chloon of old Babylonia, had hated her money-loving father, a multi-millionaire. Mr. Merrill had resented his daughter's growing dislike, and when he learned of her meetings with the dark young boy by the sea, he had forbidden them to see each other.

Thus he, Laurence Darwin, the son of a poor teacher, had been made to realize the social chasm that separated him from his playmate. As the years passed and Helen grew up to be one



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of the most beautiful girls in England, their friendship had remained fast, but their secret meetings had become less and less frequent. When he heard that she was to marry the son of a wealthy stock-broker, he had joined an archæological expedition to the Near East in order to forget the haunting memories of childhood. But even in the parched desert, where water was a treasure, the boom of an English ocean was ever ringing in his ears and the voice of a fair-haired girl calling across the vast spaces that separated them.

The next day, the simple Arab diggers found Laurence Darwin tossing in his narrow cot with a tropical fever, and in spite of their soothing herbs, he grew worse. Two horsemen were dispatched for the doctor, but it would be days before he could arrive. Three days later, as the Arabs were lounging about in the hot noon, one of them pointed to the east.

“O Solores, seest thou a cloud of dust yonder?”

“Yes, Darab, I do. Thinkest thou it is a simoon or but the white doctor arriving from Babylon?”

“Nay, Solores, he can scarce have

received word of the master's sickness. Nor is it large enough for a simoon.”

As the cloud grew larger, it was seen to be caused by a group of three horsemen, riding furiously. In a short time they reined in their foaming horses at the camp, and one, a closely-veiled woman, leaped off, breathing quickly, “Where is thy master?”

“In yonder tent, madam.”

She crossed to the shelter indicated and knelt down beside the still form stretched upon the rough bed. As she smoothed his dark hair back from his fevered face, his blood-shot eyes slowly opened.

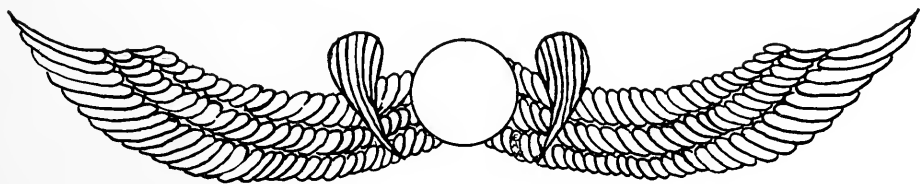
“Helen—Helen Merrill.”

“Yes, Laurence, I am here. But you must sleep so that you will get well and come back to England with me.”

A quiet smile crept over the wasted features as the girl leaned over and kissed his hot forehead.

She rose to leave the tent and unpack her baggage, but in doing so, she jarred a small table standing behind her, and a gray-clay cylinder rolled on to the hard ground and broke into a thousand fragments.

—Edward A. Walton, *V-A*.





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The Grange of Toronto

When one speaks of a grange, one at once thinks of a large house with rambling outbuildings, surrounded by spacious grounds, shaded by mighty elms, enclosed by a high wall, with a lodge just inside the gateway and a driveway with arching elms leading up to the house.

The Grange of Toronto has lived up very closely to this tradition. It was built in 1817 by the Boulton family, who, at that time, were among the foremost citizens of York. It is one of the oldest buildings now standing in Toronto, and was the favourite meeting-place of those associated with the Family Compact. This structure, which is two and one-half stories high, is built of red brick. The elaborate woodwork of the house is of black walnut. The wooden inside shutters are still in use, but not for the same purpose as in the early days, when they were necessary to keep the wild animals and prowling Indians from molesting the family. There were no electric lights inside, as there are now, and the only means of illuminating the rooms was by candles, which were at least three inches thick and were supported by great iron-spiked stands and wall brackets. The heating system was extremely crude. The rooms that were not supplied with a great open fireplace were heated by means of an iron basket, filled with live coals. The upper half-story of the building was given over to the servants for sleeping quarters. Here were small compartments about three feet wide, six feet long, and three feet high, with no windows or ventilators, where the servants could do no more than creep in and lie down. These chambers bear no comparison whatever to the large master bedrooms used by the family themselves.

On the death of Mr. Boulton, his widow married Goldwin Smith, a man of letters and a professor in Cornell University, and for many years they lived at the Grange. Mrs. Goldwin Smith generously bequeathed the Grange to the citizens of Toronto and the lovers of art, who had founded the Art Museum of Toronto, which was incorporated on July 4th, 1900. Later the name "Art Museum" was changed to "Art Gallery" because of the fact that the Provincial Museum was also in Toronto. The historic house was kept intact as a monument to its generous donors. Galleries were built behind it so that they would face on Dundas Street, and the grounds in front were kept for a city park.

A significant ceremony has taken place down through the years, that I feel might be of interest to Hermes' readers. In the cabinet in the lower hall of the Grange, are two glass tumblers such as were used a hundred years ago. They have to be held in the hand to be filled and they cannot be put down until they are emptied for they have no base and must be placed upside down. From these tumblers all the Governors-General within the last fifty years have drunk the health of the reigning sovereign. Since the incorporation of the Art Gallery, the President of its Council has officiated at this ceremony which takes place when the Governor-General makes his first official visit to the Gallery.

Toronto has a Grange of which it may be justly proud and, when we consider the Art Gallery in connection with it, we could well afford to spend an hour or two to see what the lovers of art have done for Toronto citizens.

—Geo. G. Downard, III-C.



"THE HERMES"



A Message from Dr. Anderson

To the Students of Humberside Collegiate Institute:

I regret very much that during my visit to the East I found it impossible to visit your Collegiate.

I have many happy recollections of school days spent at the old Junction High School. These are indeed pleasant memories to me, just as your present experiences will, in the years to come, be looked back upon with pleasure and affection. I was very pleased, indeed, to have the privilege of meeting again my old Principal, Mr. Colbeck, who did so much for us all in those old days.

We had a fine staff of teachers in those days and during my teaching experience I found myself continually using the methods followed by Mr. Colbeck, the late Mr. Gourlay, Miss Eastwood (late Mrs. Gourlay) and the other teachers of that day.

Times have changed since then and you now find yourself in a modern, well-equipped institution which

is perhaps better fitted to prepare you for your life work than was the case thirty odd years ago. May I express to you the hope that you

will take advantage of the provisions made for your training and education so that in the days that lie ahead, when you are called upon to assume the full duties of citizenship, you will be equipped to the fullest degree to carry out efficiently and well the serious responsibilities of life.

May the year 1930 be one of profit, pleasure and accomplishment for every student in the Humberside Collegiate Institute.





Feet, Footwear and Fancy

One drizzly spring night, as Jyll, Marion and I sat idly talking in front of the cheerful blaze in the fireplace, conversation somehow turned to feet.

"Ever since I used to listen wide-eyed to the once-upon-a-time romance of Cinderella and her glass slipper (not to mention a handsome prince), I have been fascinated by feet!" Jyll exclaimed.

"Did you ever try reading character and personality from them?" asked Marion (Jyll's big sister). "Next time you're on a street car, judge a person 'feet first', and then see if the whole appearance doesn't bear out that characterization fully."

"Take my advice, Marj., warned Jyll, "don't study children's feet—they're hopeless! Imagine trying to judge Billy's home conditions from his feet! You would at once call the worn place on his shoe a bump of adversity, or of fate, whereas it's the result of constant rugby playing with other boys and the back fence."

"Men's feet," Marion added, "are also rather difficult to classify. There are, of course, old boots, dapper oxfords, and soft evening slippers, and these may vary in size from six to infinity, but there is really little individuality in them."

Further discussion was cut off by the arrival of Billy, whom we welcomed most cordially on account of a certain box of marshmallows he was bringing.

Marion's suggestion stayed with me, however. I decided at once to devote my time (not to mention fourteen cents) to research along the lines of "Careful Characterization of Canadian Ladies by means of Feet, Footwear and Fancy."

Next day I nonchalantly stepped aboard a street-car. Concealed in my purse were two unusually sharp pencils, neatly numbered sheets of paper, a pencil-sharpener and a rubber—my attempt, I suppose, to create atmosphere for my plot! Alas! Amid interesting people I forgot my tools, and I have to trust entirely to memory for my discoveries on the trip.

With Cinderella standards prevailing in my mind, I chose from the row opposite an exquisitely small pair of feet, clad in dark brown shoes and stockings. The softly-polished slippers, their beautifully modelled heels suggested that the wearer was a girl with wealth, good taste and charm. Eagerly I looked at her face, and I believe my characterization was correct. She was beautiful, too; her eyes sparkled with life and with interest in everyone about her, and her mouth had a whimsical curve. I knew at once I should like to meet her, but such is the fate of those imaginary friendships one makes on street-cars, that I shall probably never see her again.

A very different type of foot next caught my attention. Faded cotton stockings, and shoes almost beyond further repair, told a tale of extreme poverty. Studying the wearer's face and whole appearance, I saw a woman fast growing old amid cares and hardships, yet never failing in courage. Perhaps it was only the small, carefully-fashioned cluster of gay ribbons on her coat that made me think that. Who knows?

A small buckle of brilliants led my eyes to another pair of feet which, although just as interesting, proved that feet aren't infallible guides to

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character-reading. The slender black satin shoes with extremely high, narrow heels, and the sheer black chiffon stockings made me think that here was a "lady of leisure", a girl "bercée dans la soie et la dentelle". Imagine my amazement when I saw an efficient-looking girl wearing a severely tailored suit, a close-fitting hat, and carrying a small leather case such as professional men use! I consoled myself with the thought that she was the type of Dr. Bodie, whom Barrie humourously creates in "A Kiss for Cinderella". Don't you remember that practical lady doctor's weakness—shoes with French heels?

A loud affected voice telling the girl friend "He said that — Oh! Yes, he's the most marvellous thing!" jerked me to the next study. Glaring red pumps, their heels worn off at one side, cheap flimsy stockings and hat,

coat and dress which faithfully endeavoured to picture every shade in the rainbow, made a disagreeable combination. With such contradictory facts to work on, one cannot criticize the girl, but rather must pity her. Did she really dress in such a way from lack of taste, or was she expressing the defiant rebellion of youth against drab home surroundings?

Such an endless pageant of life becomes wearisome in time though; already facts, faces and feet were running through my mind in the greatest confusion, and I decided to study no more. On my homeward trip, resisting the attraction of new personalities, I thought over all I had seen. Truly, whether we judge them by feet or by fancy, there is nothing in the world more interesting or more puzzling than just people.

—Margaret Hand, V-A.





The Crimson Cloak

"Well, left this very inn, they did, 'bout eleven o'clock. My lady said she was cold, and my lord takes off his handsome crimson cloak an' wraps it around her. 'Ah,' says she, 'thank you, Geoffrey, you be always that thoughtful.' An' off they go, sirs, my lady wavin' 'er pretty hand, an' my lord laughing and joking. A 'ansome pair they were, gentlemen, my grandfather ee often tellt me."

Barnaby Summerhayes, the innkeeper, paused dramatically, and leaned back against his high arm-chair, pulling calmly at his long pipe. The circle around the roaring fire bent forward, breathing heavily, and with expressions of dreadful relish on their honest, homely faces; this, they knew, was the climax.

"Ah, but they never got married, they never reached the parson," purred Giles Middleton, the wheelwright.

Barnaby straightened up with a jerk; he was not going to have his tale snatched out of his mouth.

"The very next marnin'," said he, stabbing the air with his pipe at each word, "the very next marnin', Lady Evadne Gilbert was found lyin' dead in her crimson cloak in Marley Marsh—strangled to death! An' *he* was never seen again!"

The listeners shuddered. The fire-light made lurid shadows on their strained faces.

"An' that cloak, Barnaby? Where be that cloak now?"

Barnaby leaned forward and opened his mouth, slowly and impressively. "Right there in that chest, she be, as I'm a living man. The ol' squire, he couldn't bear the sight on't, an' right there in that chest my grandfather laid it."

"Why, then, Barnaby, let us have it out of the chest. Let us gaze upon this cherished relic of antiquity," cried a cool voice, and there, standing among the shadows, was young Lord Geoffrey, his riding crop in hand and an impudent smile on his face.

"Eh, my lord, and is it you?" Barnaby was on his feet, pushing forward the old arm-chair, bowing obsequiously, shuffling anxiously about.

"Nay, Barnaby, I will not sit until I have beheld the famous crimson cloak. Blaming my honourable ancestor for the deed, are you? Egad, Barnaby, you're wrong. He was a man after my own heart."

The circle around the fire had drawn back. Interested as they were in Lord Geoffrey's sudden and unexpected appearance at the inn, they had no desire to encounter the bitter depths of his cold dark eyes nor the cynical twist of his lips. As he stood there, with his pale face and glittering eyes, they found it strangely easy to believe the rumour which was rife that Lord Geoffrey was somewhat wild and unbalanced.

Barnaby, impelled by the insistent note of command in his voice, hastened towards the chest, and, unlocking it, drew forth and brought over for my lord's inspection, a long crimson cloak with a golden clasp.

My lord fingered it with his long slender hands—hands that seemed suddenly to clutch it convulsively as Barnaby attempted to draw it away, and the inkeeper, strangely nervous, smiled craftily and whispered to my lord, "It would be for another purpose that your lordship came here tonight?"

And at this moment, Bess, the



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buxom landlady, came bustling up, to curtsy to my lord, and simper, "She be awaitin', Lord Geoffrey; she be upstairs awaitin'."

There was a light patter of feet on the old oaken stairs, and suddenly Lady Evadne Gilbert was standing on the bottom step, one hand on the banister, the other over her heart. She looked very small and young and dainty, in her soft lace gown, the warm colour mantling her cheeks, her eyes sparkling under their shadowy lashes, her sunny, lustrous curls thrown back over her shoulder.

In two strides Lord Geoffrey was by her side. "Evadne, my darling, how beautiful you look! You are enough to make any man mad."

She stood on tiptoe and slipped her arms over his shoulders. "Geoffrey, dear, I couldn't wait another moment. Oh, dearest, is it really true? Are we really to be together at last? What a rage poor father will be in! I feel sure he will smash mama's best china when he gets my note at breakfast tomorrow."

Suddenly she drew back with a half-frightened, shy little laugh. "Geoffrey, what ails you? How strange you look—and your eyes, they seem to see right through me. Geoffrey, dear, do you love me? Say you love me. Oh, Geoffrey, I feel frightened."

"Frightened, sweetheart? Frightened—with me by your side?" Lord Geoffrey put his arms protectingly about her.

"I am very silly, Geoffrey," she sighed. "Come, Bess, my cloak. The horses are waiting, Geoffrey?" Giles hastened forward to unlatch the door, and as it swung open, a gust of cold wind blew into the room. Evadne shivered.

"Cold, my love?" And before any-

one could prevent him, Lord Geoffrey had whipped up the crimson cloak and flung it around Evadne's shoulders. A faint gasp was audible in the room; Giles Middleton took his pipe from his mouth to stare, and old Denis Weatherby, the sexton, unthinkingly swore under his breath. Barnaby started forward, but Lord Geoffrey caught him by the shoulder and sent him spinning back. Then, with his arm around Lady Evadne, he stepped triumphantly out into the night, where the horses were stamping impatiently. The group in the inn, staring at one another in stupefied horror, heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs mingled with Evadne's silvery laugh, as they left the courtyard and rode out into the night.

At the same time, they heard something else—a low, clear whistle from the inn-yard. Barnaby, who had been standing with head sunk low on his chest, suddenly looked up with a startled expression on his face and a strange gleam in his eye. Then, silently and swiftly, he hastened out.

About eleven o'clock the next morning, Tim, the pedlar, and Robin, the village blacksmith, two old cronies, came upon the body of Lord Geoffrey Arlen lying on the edge of Marley Marsh, wrapped in a crimson cloak with a golden clasp. Apparently, he had been strangled to death. There was no sign of Lady Evadne Gilbert.

Great consternation prevailed in the village. Bess, the landlady of "The Red Dragon," was particularly excited.

"Barnaby," she exclaimed, coming to the door with a flagon of ale in her hand, "Barnaby, do ee think—the young mistress could ha'—done it?"

Eh? No? Well, then, Barnaby, who were it?" triumphantly.



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"Well," said Barnaby, "if ye must know, Bess, it were—Stafford o' Dunson."

"Barnaby! Stafford—the highwayman! Nay, Barnaby, highwayman or not, Stafford be a gentl'man, an' ye'll not speak ill o' him in my hearing."

"He be a highwayman now, Bess," chuckled Barnaby, "but where be Lady Evadne? An' if she be with

Stafford—Bess, my lass, he'll be the most respectable gentleman in England, mark ee, afore she lets him loose. Ay, it were he," he persisted.

"Were it, indeed? An' how know ee that?"

"Because," said Barnaby, "I sen' him there myself—an' Stafford o' Dunson be a man o' his word."

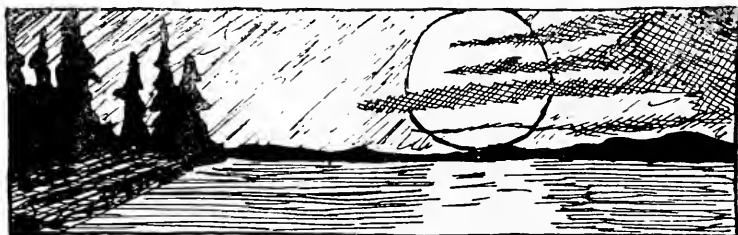
—Nancy Smith, *V-A*.

Moonlight Shadows

I paddled slowly o'er the surface of the long lagoon.
The wistful trees about me were ensilvered by the moon;
The quiet surface mirrored deep the light of myriad stars
While shadows of the drooping trees lay traced in woven bars.

The grim, black margins drifted past, enveloped by the night;
The willows hanging o'er the edge, were washed in pale white light.
No one was there to cheer: I had the stars for company—
They were enough for I cannot tell the peace that came to me.

—Palmer Barton, *IV-B*.





The Sage of the Humber

West of the river's winding way,
By trailing paths if you should
stray,
Past shaggy brakes and bosky fells,
The Hermit of the Humber dwells.

In the hollow of a small clearing, almost hidden from view in summer by protecting trees, bushes and wild clinging vines which clamber over it, a tiny red cabin modestly conceals itself from the searching eyes of the world. This is the home of the "Hermit of the Humber," the illustrious Canadian naturalist, George Pearce, of whom we have heard so much yet know so little.

Mr. Pearce is intensely proud of his genealogy. "Give me the man that respects his ancestors," he said fervently, as he told me about his own family tree. Both his father and mother were descendants of the wealthy English coal-baron, the Earl of Northumberland; and in addition to this aristocratic connection with the Pierces of Northumberland, his mother was the great granddaughter of Franklin Pearce, the fourteenth President of the United States, in whose house at Hillsbury, New Hampshire, George Pearce was born. The change in the name was made in accordance with a vow declared by the ancient Percies, that, should one of the family go into business, the name should be spelt Pearce. All this is infinitely remote, yet George Pearce still has one tie that binds in his family crest—the quarterly offering of the Northumberland arms, represented by a dove rising, wings extended.

In Canada, Mr. Pearce, Senior, made his home at Trafalgar, and at the same time he was transferred from the Imperial Service to the Canadian Militia. George was sent to the Royal Military College at Kingston, where he endeavoured to live up to the high ideals of his hero—his father.

Some years later, Mr. Pearce returned home to help his father in farm affairs, and while performing his duties there, he was possessed with a burning desire for nature study. This was no sudden outbreak of longing, for all during his earlier years his interest in this subject had been intensely keen and had been encouraged by his mother who taught him how to preserve the skins of birds, of snakes, in fact of almost every animal.

"You know, Jo, it seems a funny thing to me now, but when I was only eight years old I had that passionate longing to live outdoors and study nature, and my conception of a seventh heaven would rise before my eyes whenever my father used to say: 'Now, if you're really good, we'll take you to the museum at Toronto.' That was all I lived for.

"Finally the dream came true. On a cold Saturday morning in the middle of winter, I was dragged out of bed about three o'clock to find that I was going to Toronto. We set out in a box sleigh with the produce, cabbages, carrots, potatoes in front, ourselves behind, protected from the intense cold by quantities of warm straw and heavy buffalo robes. Slipping along in the face of the



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rising sun was to me like gliding into a land of hope and glory. While at the museum I went about as though under the spell of a dream, careless of everything except that I was there feasting my eyes on the bird collection, entranced at the mere sight of those gorgeous displays. Oh Jo! it was wonderful.

"That visit was the beginning of my studies as a naturalist. Later, when I took trips to the United States and saw the superb museums in America, my ideals were shattered by the contrast, and when I came home I pledged myself to make my museum worthy of its city, its province and its country. I think I have done that."

There is no doubt of it. This was his life work, besides which he had to support his family. To accomplish something worth while for Canada, Mr. Pearce entered the business of mercantile taxidermy. For twenty years in his store on Queen Street, he worked at his collections, living his life of service. As a result, in 1908, Mr. Pearce presented to the Royal Ontario Museum the only perfect collection in Canada of the birds of prey, eagles, falcons, hawks, which are the most difficult species to collect.

His has not been a glamorous career, but one of profound yet moving interest during which he "toiled in poverty and grief." He is not sorry for it; only intensely proud, as I gathered when he shook his head reflectively at me: "O money, money, money! I'd rather have a name than all of it." They were busy but happy, profitable years devoted to the work which the old seer loved best. He took a special pride in his window displays which

were so unique and effective that people came from coast to coast to see them and him. Two of these exhibitions he remembered exceedingly well.

"One winter there was a splendid visitation of Arctic owls as white as the drifting snow. I managed to get some fine specimens, which for the next few weeks were all about my store. Looking at them one day, an idea struck me. I borrowed a black silk velvet pall from Bates and Dodds, the undertakers, and stretched it across the back of the window, finishing it off with black lace. Then I filled the window full of white owls in every conceivable position. Well, Jo, it was such a success that people actually stood outside and stared."

Later on in the evening at my request he told me about the other window.

"It was a sea-shore scene. I had myself brought the sand and stones and shells, even sea-weed from the lake, and had strewn them over the window-floor. At the back I set up a blue sky which I had painted in pastels. On the improvised shore I put gannets of all sizes which made an effective sight with their black feet, red bills and pearl-grey bodies; while above in mid-air, I suspended flying gulls and gannets on invisible wires. I was very proud of my work, for that same year the Duke of York, our present king, was visiting Canada, and when in Toronto, his cavalcade went by my door. He turned and looked at my humble effort—yes, he turned and looked at it."

The place on Queen Street was shut down eight years ago when Mr. Pearce set up on the Humber

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*The singing birds are all his friends,
Because their rights he well defends;
E'en chickadees perch on his thumbs
And search his palms for suet crumbs.*



"THE HERMES"



Heights the shack with which we are all familiar. The story of its origin reveals the man more than any words of mine.

"Long years ago, before the Humber had any buildings on it, there was one spot prettier than the rest, approached by a stiff incline, covered with dense foliage, at a bend in the river. On the top there was a little clearing at the edge of which stood a beautiful maple tree. In the afternoon, Anne and I had been canoeing on the river. As dusk was falling, we grounded our canoe, went up the slope and sat under the tree. That night the June moon was in the south-west of the sky, and as it was shining down on us, round and full, I asked Anne to be my wife. I can see her still with her dark hair and her bonny blue eyes—when I lost her I built the cabin on the same spot. I went there to be alone that I might again experience some of the strange events that have swayed my life. Though they have never happened, yet it has been a very happy place—but I am boring you. After all, these are only the wanderings of an old man, eh Jo?"

"I am very far from boredom, Mr. Pearce. But why shouldn't we have tender memories? Without them I should think the world would be very commonplace."

"That's it! that's it!" he returned with a movement of his hand which indicated that he was pleased. "You meet so many people in the world who blush to have tender feelings. I am bold about that.

Why should I blush to own I love,
When it is love that rules the
realms above?

Why should I shrink to say to all

That virtue holds my heart a thrall?
Why should I seek the thickest
shade

Lest love's dear secrets be betrayed?
Or why the false brow deceitfully
move

When I am languishing with love?"

It was growing late, and we had talked all evening, yet there was still one side of his life which we had not discussed—his quaint theology. His conception of God is an especially happy and simple one.

"God is a spirit, not a judge; His temple is in the face of day, the smiling morn, the sunset. He is the supreme, divine Being. India has her Bhudda, China her Confucius and we have our God, the highest of all, for He said that which the others in their teachings never voiced: "I came that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." The Jews, taking Him literally, were surprised and replied, "Lord, we have life." But he replied that His was a life glorified, that is, conformity to the Christ life."

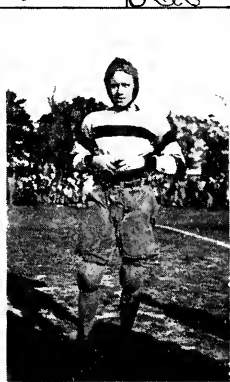
Thus concluded an interview with one of Canada's greatest naturalists, one who believes everything; the poorest man of the noblest birth, the father of Controller Claude Pearce. If he is poor, he is rich in his poverty. He has a mind mellowed by experience and has made a name for himself in the world. Among the many eminent men and women who have visited him at his cabin, John Burroughs, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Jack Miner, Bliss Carman and Pauline Johnson are only a few.

In his old age, may he realize the satisfaction of his services and revel in the glory of what he has done for Canada.

—Joan C. Garton, V-A.



— and still together!



Sportive Head-dress for Young Men



Doggie-Kar.



Please!





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"Nothing to Say"

Sergeant "Grump" Fanshawe was sick of the war—dangerously so. He sat at his desk in the office of the prison camp, barking curt orders to the German prisoners who had just been brought in. His head was bent to one side, leaning on his upheld hand. When interviewing prisoners, his eyes would peer upward as if to see over spectacles (though he wore none), but his head remained on its perch. He was tired of hearing his questions—"Name?" and "What regiment?"—answered in guttural German which he was supposed to understand. The answers were usually short and unwillingly given by white-faced, sunken-eyed frames of men who wrung their hands and twisted their mud-caked caps. Another prisoner was brought in.

"Name?"

"My name is Paul Brahm," came the reply in perfectly intelligible English, from a tall, fair German.

"Grump's" head moved, and a most remarkable pair of grey eyes met fearless German blue ones.

"Speak English, eh? I should like to speak with you later."

A smart salute, a click of spurred heels, exit Brahm. "Grump" was very much impressed—just a kid, only about twenty-three or four—probably a newly-promoted officer who had been nabbed while out on his first raid.

Paul Brahm had dinner with Sergeant "Grump" Fanshawe. At first the German was morose and silent. He suspected 'Grump'. Probably he would be questioned about German lines, provisions, etc. Well, he

determined to be no information bureau. He was surprised by Fanshawe's first question. "Educated at Oxford, you said?"

Brahm was immediately on the alert.

"Even a 'dirty Boche' has the right to an education, hasn't he?"

The expression on 'Grump's' face never changed, but his feelings were hurt. This clean young chap had seemed as a heaven-sent interruption to his own tedious thoughts. 'Grump' had never been known to condescend to anyone, but he did his best to make the situation less uncomfortable, because something about the German had won his admiration and respect.

"Didn't mean anything sarcastic," Fanshawe said, which was the nearest he had come to an apology in a long time, and it had cost him a lot to come out with it. For a few seconds there was a strained silence. "In fact," he continued, "I thought we might change that particular topic of conversation and drop the war."

Brahm looked at him and saw that he was in earnest. He smiled, "And that year Dighton was captain of the cricket eleven which downed every team in England. Does that suit you?"

'Grump' laughed, for the first time in many months, and two gentlemen clasped hands firmly. "Righto!"

They talked of England and Germany, the hustle and stuffiness of the big cities, the quiet of the country lanes. They might have been two old schoolmates re-united to talk of old times after a lapse of many years, instead of an Englishman and a



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German who were supposedly at each other's throats. 'Grump' happened to mention the fact that he lived in a bachelor's club when in England.

"Then you must pay me and"—a painful, happy blush suffused Brahm's face—"my wife a visit sometime. We should be glad to—"

"You married!" 'Grump' laughed heartily but Brahm, except for a momentary deepening of the blush, did not feel abashed. In fact, he knew now that 'Grump' was envious and was picturing in his English mind a cosy cottage with an aproned girl and flowers inside—and a drab bachelor's apartment in contrast.

"Haven't heard from her in a month, and I haven't been able to get a letter through since we've been at the front lines. No chance of getting one through here, I suppose?" Brahm asked.

"There might be, on a special occasion," 'Grump' replied, eyeing the other intently. "I inspect every letter that leaves here, though."

"You mean I might, sir, really?" 'Grump' had never seen such a happy dawning light on anyone's face as was on Brahm's. Then that face became suffused with a vivid red flush. "It would be—er—personal and all that—to one's wife, you know, to have a perfect stranger read it, but I never dreamt of ever getting one to her, at least till I was out of here?"

"Well, you write it, and I'll see what I can do."

Brahm wrote his letter, and stared into space. He realized it would be the biggest risk of his life, yet he would try it—to be shot as a spy might be a more agreeable form of death than to be blown up by a shell. 'Grump' came in then and Brahm handed him the letter, which was

placed in an unsealed envelope. The German stood tense, his hand clenched. Fanshawe turned the letter over, tapped it on his knuckles, and looked at Brahm. His lips found the glued part of the envelope, and it was sealed. It had not been read. Brahm could hardly realize his good luck on such a slim chance.

He extended his hand and once more their hands clasped, only now they were enemy against enemy, but 'Grump' did not realize it.

A court-martial was being held in a silent British post. A dignified old general rose and spoke, "Lieutenant Fanshawe is arrested on a charge of deliberate treason. A letter got through to a German woman with full details of the British position on the western front—from Fanshawe's camp." Much more was said, and when many old soldiers around a rickety table had spoken 'Grump' had decided on his course of action. As they would never believe his story or be made to understand, what was the use? A pathetic sort of smile parted his lips when he was asked what he had to say. He looked from one member of the gathering to the other, until he had observed each one, and answered, "Nothing to say."

"But you realize the consequence of this?" he was asked. He nodded. "Better death than many a war hero has had; it won't take long," he reflected. Supposing he had told the truth—huh! How foolish it would sound! and his cheeks burned as he pictured a group of English officers reading a morning paper, and exclaiming, "Imagine old 'Grump' growing sentimental over a rotten Boche's story of the little wife and everything. I wonder what the truth is?"



"Nothing to say," he repeated, half to himself.

The next morning, before sunrise, Sergeant Fanshawe faced the firing squad. A soldier stepped forward with a black blindfold.

"Yes, I think I'll take it. All these movie heroes *do* look so foolish when they refuse it, don't they, old man? There is a letter on my bed which you might see on its way—of course, read it first—by all means. Now, let's go!"

—————
A young German housewife was puzzled a few weeks later over a note she received. It read:

"Dear Madam:

"Your husband is a very remarkable

young fellow. Remind him that I realized before I went that 'All's fair in love and war,' but ask him which of us was the fairer, will you? I haven't been able to figure it out. I wish you many years of happiness in the little cottage with your beloved Paul. When he fully explains, I think that I shall have earned a place in your memory, and it is rather nice, when one is leaving the old world, to think that a few people will remember him—(perhaps with fond recollections?) even when that person's name is such a one as

"'Grumpy' Fanshawe."

—Margaret Ryerson, III-F.

Dreaming

I sit at my western window,
As the sun is sinking low,
And see the grey old city,
Bathed in a rosy glow.

And as I sit there dreaming,
I'm wafted far away
On a craft, whose name is "Seeming,"
That only my fancies sway.

The leagues of lake and wood-land,
Become as nothing then,
And I'm drifting o'er the prairies,
On that sea of golden grain.

The prairies slowly fade away,
Into foot-hills grand and steep,
Where the Little Red Deer River
Sings to me, wild and sweet.

And there my wandering fancies stay,
No farther west I'll roam,
But rest in that dear, dear country,
That mountain valley home.

—Caroline Reid, III-E.



The Fairies' Revels

The moon is shedding silver light
Down on the magic toad-stool ring;
The sleepy blue-bells nod their heads,
And violets peep from mossy beds
Where fairies dance in madcap flight.

With rose-leaf gowns and gossamer wings
And slippers made of spun moonshine;
With dewdrops in the hair for pearls,
And star-flowers in their nut-brown curls,
And on their fingers magic rings,

The elves amongst them caper, gay
In caps long-tipped with white owl's feathers
In suits the shade of autumn leaves
And jerkins their witch-mother weaves
In cavern-mouth, at break of day.

From dazzling throne of rainbow hues,
Midst cushions made of morning mist,
Guarded by dragon flies, the queen
With gracious smile surveys the scene,
Her eyes as soft as evening dew.

Beneath a fern, in sheltered vale,
The orchestra of crickets plays;
The lilting cadence soars and dies
And from the darkened wood replies
One silver-throated nightingale.

—Nancy Smith, *V-A*.

Mr. Bennett

We are told that our dear old chum C. J. Caesar was well blessed with friends during his earthly pilgrimage. But we feel quite confident that if he knew how many ardent admirers he has, even in this present day, he would doubtless feel that life was worth while after all. And among these admirers of modern times is to be found one of Humber's veteran teachers. It may be added also that if there were such an institution as the Society of the Friends of Horace and Cicero, Mr. Bennett would surely be the honorary president!

To many of us, Stratford, Ontario, is a famous town. It will seem more so when the fact is divulged that Mr. Bennett claims it as his birthplace. It is rather significant, too, that Stratford is called the "Classic City." Possibly a coincidence. Some of us think not.

Mr. Bennett recalls those early years of his life which he spent in the era of high bicycles, bustles, cutters and parlour organs. These happy years were passed in the public schools and Collegiate Institute of Stratford. From the latter institution Mr. Bennett graduated at the age of fifteen, and subsequently attended Stratford Model School. He then began his present occupation,

(teaching public schools — rural, village and urban.)

Resigning the principalship of a Stratford ward school, he entered Victoria College in the University of Toronto from which he graduated in 1905 with First Class Honours and the gold medal in Classics. The following four years were spent in four

various institutions. After teaching for a year in Stanstead Wesleyan College, Mr. Bennett lectured in Latin at Victoria College for a year. He then passed a year in post-graduate work at Oxford University. Before coming to Humber's, he spent a year as Classical master at Cobourg.

At last in September of 1909 Mr. Bennett was called to Humber's

where he has spent the last twenty-one years. This fact speaks for itself.

The secret, however, of Mr. Bennett's wide popularity among high school boys and girls lies in the fact that he is joint or sole author of three extremely interesting volumes, affecting some readers, it is said, almost to tears. How often have diligent students been seen poring over a well-used little blue book just prior to that swiftly arriving Latin period! How magnetic are its contents!





Mr. Bennett also has prominent social connections. For the current year he officiates as president of the Classical Section of the Ontario Educational Association as well as of the Toronto Classical Club. He affirms himself to be probably the worst golfer in the Humber Valley Golf Club, but this imaginary reverse is balanced by the fact that he is a fairly efficient curler at the High Park Curling Club. The Alpine Club of Canada, also, has the honour of numbering him among its members.

Last year's *Hermes* hailed Mr. Jermyn as "an institution in our

school." We would like to say that Mr. Bennett is our honorary Latin Dictionary. How embarrassing it is when he informs you that, in spite of its deluding appearance, "tempus" is really not masculine after all! Many and pleasing, however, have been our experiences in his memorable Latin classes which he succeeds in robbing of all monotony by his constant supply of laughter-provoking humour.

Humberside gives you sincere wishes for many more happy years in the school you have helped make famous, Mr. Bennett!

Adventure

At night, when the wind is shrieking
Its mad song to the trees,
Or a golden moon comes seeking
Lost temples to Ashtaroth,
A small face comes to my window,
An impish voice calls out
"Come away with me, come follow,
We'll ride to Tintagil."

I rise and go, forgot my pain,
My crippled limbs unhurt,
As we fly through the tossing rain
Along the lightning's path,
And ride on the wild sea-horses,
Their white manes blowing free,
To Tintagil, where the forces
Of Fairyland await.

Then, armed with reeds, we sally forth
To battle with the gnomes
And witches riding to the north
For wild November feasts.
On moonlit nights we dance
To tunes the crickets play;
In flames of mystic blue we prance
Across the pathless swamp.

—*Nora Hodgins, V-A.*

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A Prayer For the Deliverance of the Roman State From Civil War

O Ship of State! Resurgent seas
Will bear thee back into the deep
Unless thou resolutely keep
Thy course on sheltered quays.

Seest thou not the waters stown
With fragments of thy mobile oars?
That when the driving south-wind roars
Thy masts and yard-arms groan?

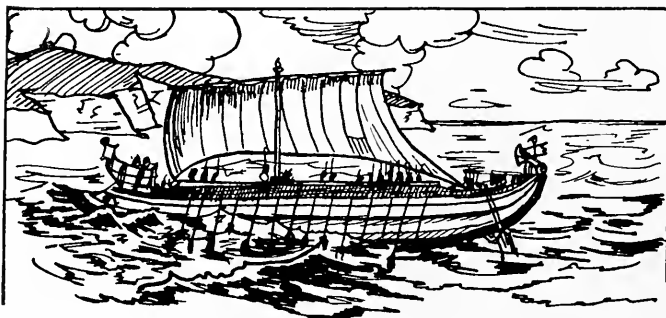
Of sails thou'rt stripped, of gods art shorn
On whom to call in hard-pressed days:
Thy hulk, without supporting-stays
Can scarce endure the storm.

Thou art of noblest Pontic pine,
(Its name an unavailing boast);
The cautious sailor distrusts most
The vessel painted fine.

Lest thou become the sport of waves
Beware! Thou always art to me
An anxious care. Avoid the sea
That bright Cyclades laves.

(Horace, Book I Ode 14).

—Edward A. Walton, V-A.





In Days of Yore

The chilly August night had forced all the hotel guests into the cheery kitchen, the only really warm room in the ramshackle building. This summer hotel, called White House, because it once was white, is situated on the northwest shore of Lake of Bays and is a Mecca for people who, tired of the hubbub of city life, desire to steal away to some quiet retreat, where they can be alone with their thoughts and with the beauty of Nature in the North. This particular evening found the guests grouped around the old range, chatting pleasantly, while old Mrs. Elder, the proprietress and mother Superior of them all, was peeling shining apples under the uncertain light of a coal-oil lamp. Mr. Elder was in his accustomed place in the corner, smoking his pipe, and seemingly lost in meditation. He rarely spoke, except to wish someone a "Good morning" in his cracked voice. But this evening, he seemed inclined to join in the conversation, and drew his chair nearer to the group. I encouraged him by saying,

"Well, Mr. Elder, I guess this is about the fortieth year you've seen in Lake of Bays."

"Fortieth, man," he fairly shrieked, "it'll be the eightieth year come Michaelmas!"

"Did you ever have trouble with Indians up here in the good old days?" I ventured.

"No trouble," he said laconically, "but I owe my life to one Indian."

The others heard his last words, and one of the ladies, a Mrs. Brown, said,

"Oh, dear Mr. Elder, do please tell us about it. Life in early Canada must have been so romantic!"

Mr. Elder gave her a glance which seemed to imply that romantic was hardly the word for it, but seeing all eyes fixed upon him, he began his story.

"When I was just a little toad of about eight years, my mother and father were forced to leave me alone one winter to go to Baysville for supplies. I guess we hadn't counted on such a bad winter and all our eatables were well-nigh exhausted. They left on a Saturday, and mother said to me,

"Now, Johnny, there's wood and bread and meat enough to last you two days. Your father and I will probably be back long before then, but there's plenty, just in case we aren't."

"I kissed them both good-bye, and watched them drive over the glistening ice until the cutter disappeared behind Frozen Point, and I could no longer see my mother's bright red hat. I felt a little lonely when they had passed out of sight, and picking up my Robinson Crusoe, I curled up on a cushion in front of the stove and read until I felt hungry. I ate quite heartily, because I thought there was no need to save my rations if mother and father were going to be back in less than two days anyway. I went to bed early and pulled my little cot up close to the warmth of this very stove, for it seemed to be getting deadly cold outside. I banked up the stove and stuffed some old rugs around the edges of the windows.



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"When I woke in the morning, I couldn't think where I was. The room was icy cold and the fire was out. I struggled into my clothes, for my hands were blue and numb, and tried to fix the fire. As there was still a little spark of life in it, I managed to coax it into flame, and soon I was feeling more cheerful. I cut myself a generous sandwich of bread and meat, and as there wasn't much to do, I climbed back into bed again with my Robinson Crusoe. I stayed there nearly all day, and dozed off about three o'clock in the afternoon. I woke to find it growing strangely dark outside. The snow was whirling round in giddy flurries, and there was a weird light in the sky. Though I was only eight years old, I knew the signs of a snowstorm, so I barricaded the door and did what I could to fill the cracks in the walls. By the time I had once more piled fuel on the fire and eaten my last slice of bread and meat, the snow was coming down in great thick flakes, forming a blanket-like drift, only to be whirled down to the lake in a mad-cap rush. I confess that I was a little frightened all by myself with our nearest neighbour up at the sawmill five miles away, but I kept saying to myself that mother and father would probably appear around Treasure Island at any moment.

"As the hours passed, however, and twilight changed to utter darkness, I stopped trying to convince myself that they would come, and after crying a little, I fell into a deep sleep from which I did not awaken until about eight o'clock in the morning. The snow was still coming down, and it was so dark that I could scarce see one hundred yards in front of the house. I did not venture outside, but

decided to camp by the stove to keep warm at all costs. When I went to the fuel box I found that I had been more lavish than I realized, for there were left only six sticks. There I was, a mere chit of eight years, all alone five miles from anywhere, in the midst of a howling blizzard, with almost all my fuel gone, and nothing to eat. I threw myself down on my cot and proceeded to cry my eyes out.

"I had not been there long when I heard a violent banging at the door. At first I thought it was only the wind, but when I peeked out the window, I saw the muffled figure of a man. The wild thought came to me that perhaps it was my father, who had returned in some miraculous way, and I hastened to pull aside the chairs and tables with which I had blocked up the door. What was my amazement to find myself face to face with an Indian! I knew there were none living nearer than the big island five miles to the west, where Chief Bigwin had a settlement. I let the stranger in hurriedly, and a blast of snow and a fierce gust of wind came with him.

"'You all alone?' he asked, as he drew off his mittens and slung his knapsack over a chair. I told him rather timorously about my mother and father being in Baysville. He looked so kindly at me, that I found myself confessing how cold and lonely and hungry I was, too. He listened to my recitation in silence, then went over to a corner of the room and ripped a couple of boards from the floor. With these and a few papers, he soon built up a roaring blaze, then he went out into the storm and brought wood from God knows where to replenish the fire. When he had warmed himself, he handed me his knapsack, and said,



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"'Here food for you. Storm soon over now. Your pa, he come for sure tonight.' He bundled his scarf around his ears, pulled on his mittens, and adjusted his snowshoes.

"'Good-bye!' he said. 'You tell mother Chief Bigwin look after little boy.'

"'I managed to stammer 'thank you', and watched him set out at an easy jog-trot over the snowy drifts. 'Then, worn out with hunger and excitement and anxiety, I fell asleep.

"'The next thing I knew, someone was bending over me, saying,

"'Dear little fellow, we'll never leave him alone like this again. But look, where did he get that knapsack?'

"'I woke with a start to find my mother and father hovering over me.

Mother kissed me over and over again, while with tears in his eyes father said they had been afraid they would find me frozen. When I told them about my visitor, they stared at one another.

"'Those Indians are uncanny,' said my mother, 'they always seem to know when someone is alone. Good Chief Bigwin, I'll never be able to repay him. Just think what might have happened to you if he hadn't come'.

"'So that," concluded Mr. Elder with a reminiscent sight, "was how an Indian saved my life."

"'I guess hardship was pretty well mixed with romance in Canada fifty years ago," said Mrs. Brown thoughtfully.

—Ainslie MacKinnon, *V-A*.

Fire Glow

Firelight flickering on the walls,
Mystical wraiths of enchantment,
Friendly shadows hovering near,
And pussy, a ball of contentment.

Curled on the hearth-rug with head drooping low,
Bushy tail tickling his little wet nose,
Yellow eyes watching the swift-curling fire,
That glows like the heart of a deep-blushing rose.

Pictures of dreamland in saffron hue,
Castles of old where the red fire flashes;
Long-steching fields of the poppies of Lethe
Where the lambent flame dies in the ashes.

Snow-feathers drifting against the panes,
And the weird wind-woman prowling without;
But inside the cheerful, crackling blaze,
And the wavering shadows flitting about.

—Nancy Smith, *V-A*.



A Message from Mr. Edmunds

Harrow is chiefly noted for being built on a hill, and for having Byron as a pupil. Humberside, too, is built on a hill, but it is feared that she will be the mother of a great many poets. A hill denotes more or less effort (generally less) but it is doubly easy to descend when the trials of the day are over.

Longfellow took a deathless page (you can get whole booklets of them at Ed. Elliot's for 15 cents (they last longer when they are left blank)) and traced with the gold nib of a fountain pen (there being no ink, as professors are so absent-minded.)

The heights by
great men reached
and kept,

Were not attained by
sudden flight,

But they, while their companions
slept,

Were toiling upward in the
night."

This applies to both institutions. It could not have referred to Humberside's ancient rival Harbord, because the latter is on the dead level. In skimming over the works of this same poet, we find what might be frequent references to Humberside.

Where he describes the personification of great and sustained effort in "A Village Blacksmith" he may have been thinking of one of her hard working teachers. He says, "His hair is crisp, and black, and long." In that day, historians tell

us, the instructors at Harrow, who had crisp hair, always wore it short, so that is ruled out absolutely.

Not contented with this, he took a penful of green ink and wrote "Excelsior." This poem starts in the middle of Quebec Avenue and works up to the level of upper Clendennan by the end of the second stanza, and then ascends the creaking stairs, verse by verse, at some risk, and finally finishes up in the Art room with a flourish. Climatic conditions indicate Humberside (possibly the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa).

It is said that the waters of the fountain of knowledge taste sweeter at Humberside than anywhere else. That

may be, but I know they do not taste that way over on High Park Avenue.

And now I find the messenger of the Greek gods, breathless and panting, at my elbows, asking for my message to my young friends, the boys and girls at Humberside, just like an impertinent young printer's devil asking for copy, scribbled anyhow, and on almost anything.

Here it is, boys and girls, in telegraphic form: "Keep right on climbing."





Passion Play at Oberammergau

For the past year, the attention of the reading and travelling public has been directed towards the little village of Oberammergau, where, in May of this year, the famous Passion play will again be presented.

Oberammergau is a village of about seventeen hundred inhabitants, situated in Bavaria, in the foothills of a range of the Alps. Above the village towers Mount Kofel crowned by a large cross covered with zinc. A river sweeps down from the mountains through the village, its banks adorned with beautiful gardens and quaint houses. Many of the latter have walls frescoed with scenes from the Passion Play, while nearly every house has a cross upon the roof.

It is almost three hundred years since the great plague ravaged the valley of the Upper Ammer River in Northern Bavaria. During the plague, two hundred inhabitants of the little village perished. Then, as is often the case when calamity comes upon a people, the terror-stricken villagers turned to God, and vowed that, if he would spare them, every ten years they would represent, in dramatic form, the life and death of Christ. The plague abated, and ever since, with a few exceptions, the Passion Play has been produced every ten years, from May till October.

The original play was written in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-two by monks living in a monastery near the village, and is now a prized possession of the village Burgermeister. In the churchyard is a fine bronze bust of Father Daisenberger, their one-time pastor, who died in eighteen hundred

and eighty-three. He revised the play, and induced the villagers to build a large open-air theatre instead of acting in the churchyard as had been their wont. The music was composed in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen by a schoolmaster of the village.

This drama is not a picture of the whole life of Christ, but only of His last few days, which are known as the Passion Week. The play itself consists of eighteen acts and several tableaux. Each act is preceded by a selection from the orchestra of fifty members, and an anthem from the chorus of forty-six members, which gives the theme of the act. After the chorus, a short scene from the Old Testament is presented as a background for the main act of the Passion which follows. The performance starts at half-past eight in the morning and continues for eight hours, time being allowed for lunch.

The main roles are those of the Christus, the Twelve Disciples, the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene and Martha. The characters of the Christus and Virgin Mary are the most prized, and every mother in the village prays that her son may be chosen to portray the Christ, or that her daughter may play the part of the Blessed Virgin.

The actors are chosen by a committee consisting of the village priest, the Burgermeister, the council and several members elected by vote. These actors must be natives of the village, of the best moral character, and able to enact the role for which they are selected. In all, seven hun-



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dred people take part, including those in the orchestra and in the chorus. The actors regard their parts with great reverence, and train themselves for the important event by putting on other plays before the year of the main performance. The costumes are all designed and made in the village itself, and are wonderfully true to the characters and to the period. Neither wigs nor make-up are used by the players. The drama is enacted on a large open-air platform, the spectators occupying an auditorium with a capacity of about six thousand.

This year, the first performance will be given on the first Sunday in May, and will be repeated every Sunday during the summer, with several extra performances. When it was presented in nineteen hundred and twenty-two, there were sixty-one performances and it was estimated that over three hundred thousand people attended. During the last four decades, so famous has the play become, that tourists have flocked to the little village from all over the world, and the proceeds have mounted in proportion.

This money is divided into four parts, the largest of which is used to keep up the theatre and defray the expenses of the production. Another is laid aside as a village improvement fund, a third given to the church and to the poor of the community, and the fourth part divided among the seven hundred players. In eighteen hundred and eighty, Joseph Maier, then playing the Christus, received two hundred dollars for his summer's work.

Many attractive offers have been made to have the players travel and perform their magnificent spectacle in other lands, but so far they have been true to the religious principle guiding them through the centuries.

This summer marks another tenth year, and again at the foot of Mt. Kofel will be enacted this greatest drama of the ages. Fortunate are those people who can journey thither and catch the devout sentiment of these simple-minded peasantfolk.

—W. J. McMaster and F. L. McKim,

III-C.

My Lake

You may talk of your oceans, so vast and so wide,
You may talk of your seas, with their high-mounding tide;
You may talk of your rivers, all rolling and grand—
But give me my lake—the best in the land.

It may not be as huge as the oceans, nor rise
With the moon, changing high in the skies;
Its waves may be smaller than those of the sea,
But give me my own lake, and happy I'll be.

Then give me my boat, and my lake in the north,
And I'll take up my oars and fare happily forth;
And I'll go where chance wills, and friendly we'll be—
I with my lake and my own lake with me.

—H. Clark Balmer, IV-A.



"THE HERMES"



THE BLUE HERON

breezes sway their branches; the gay pickerel weed, and yellow and white water-lilies, whose pads provide seats for the deep-toned orchestra of frogs; the marshy bank ablaze with purple loose-strife, always so prodigal of bloom, and the shy cardinal flower hiding its brilliant blossom in some shady nook.

I paddle there softly, so that I may leave the solitude undisturbed and have an opportunity of observing the many birds along the shore. In this way I have made many acquaintances—many of them distant ones, to be sure—and I have learned much about the wild ducks, the bitterns, and the cranes. Last summer, I added another to my list of friends. As I drifted among the cat-tails, one morning, a large bird raised its head, spread out its wings, and soared slowly but strongly farther down the river. My first thought was that the huge bird was a crane. Later in the morning, however, on turning a bend in the river, I saw him again, and decided he was none other than the rare blue heron. What an aristocratic fellow he was, standing quite two feet high when he stretched his neck. This position, however, was apparently not very comfortable, for he always chose to bask in the sun with his head cuddled close to his body. As he again unfolded his immense wings for flight, I saw that his breast and under

Years ago, the Tay was a busy canal, but no longer does it echo to the throb of steamboats or ripple to the swirling suction of tug-drawn barge. Seldom now does the put-put of a launch disturb the stillness. The straight cuts of the canal and the winding curves of the river-bed are fast filling with rushes and wild rice. It is a delightful wilderness for flowers, birds and water fowl, and a paradise for those interested in the study of natural science.

Each summer I enjoy its beauty more—the distant skyline of graceful elms; the weeping willows overhanging the water and slipping their leaves in its sparkling surface, as light

"THE HERMES"

wings were of a slatish-blue colour (hence his name). Across the upper wings were striking-looking bands of black.

After this first glimpse, I watched for opportunities day by day to become better acquainted with my new friend. His neck was long, his beak very sharp, and his tail rather short. His body was small in comparison with the length of his limbs and neck, so that when he stood on his long, slender legs, he appeared very angular and ill-proportioned. But when he flapped his wings and rose above the tree-tops, the angles disappeared and one saw only his majestic grace.

Mr. Heron was plump and sleek, and much heavier than he thought he was, for often when I stole up unawares, I would see him try to balance himself upon a slender twig. Snap it would go, and down he would fall with a splash into the water. It was very amusing to see his pride take a fall, for he usually looked so wise and dignified.

One day, I had an opportunity to see him have his mid-day meal. His choice of dishes would appeal to a French epicure, for his main diet is frogs. Mr. Heron skimmed the shallow water, his eye intent upon its muddy bottom. Suddenly, down went the sharp beak and immediately pulled out a fat, juicy frog, which he greedily devoured with one gulp.

I often wondered where Mr. Heron had his home. He usually flew away towards a group of tall elms. One day I turned the field glasses in that direction, and could just discern in a crotch, quite fifty feet from the ground, a pile of twigs. Undoubtedly, this was where he kept his family, for the herons build their nests high up in a tree, shaping rough twigs into a strong platform, with a slight depression in it, where the mother bird lays her eggs and cares for her young.

Some day next summer, in the early morning, I hope to renew my acquaintance with the blue heron and his grown-up family on the River Tay.

—Helen McKim, IV-A.





The Man Who Was Afraid

It was cold, and wet, and silent. The only sound was the regular splash, splash of the sentry's boots in the thick mud. It was very dark; the stars were obscured, and on this wet and drizzly night there were few star-shells. Most of all, to the weary, plodding man, it was lonely.

He was not used to plodding, this boy—for he was little more than a boy—for hours on end through wet, muddy trenches in heavy, soaked army boots and a heavier, wetter, greatcoat. And he was not used to being afraid. For he was afraid, horribly afraid, of he knew not what. He had admitted it to no one except his closest friend, Martin, but he himself realized that his nickname of "funk-it" was not devoid of meaning. He dreaded the fact that he might be called out any morning to engage in fighting at close quarters with the hordes of Germans who inhabited those trenches beyond that all-too-narrow strip of No Man's Land, and who were the chief material causes of his perpetual fear.

His fear had gripped him on that first morning in the trenches, when his company had been unexpectedly called out to support an attacking force: he had seen some of his closest friends bayoneted before his eyes. He had turned and run—only for a few paces, it was true—but he knew that the next time he would not stop at a few paces; he would ignominiously desert, and be a lasting disgrace to his companions. They would shoot him, in contempt—that would be a fine conclusion to the dreams of his heroic deeds which had primarily caused his enlistment.

Obsessed by fear, he paraded up and down the trench, thinking only of his own worthlessness, and wishing that some sniper would "get" him. Yes, that would be best. He was afraid, and afraid of himself for being afraid. . . . He might be killed any minute . . . any second. . . . Afraid!

.
Splosh, splosh, splosh. Someone coming. Splosh, splosh, splosh. "Halt!" His voice was husky. "Who goes there?"

"That you, Barclay? It's me—Martin."

A grey shadow emerged from the blackness. "Hello, Martin, Cold night. Beastly weather, isn't it?" The weather was rarely anything but beastly, but Barclay wanted to talk. He wished that Martin could stay with him.

"Where to, Martin?"

"No Man's Land. Got to listen. Wish I didn't know German. Rotten weather." He advanced to the parapet, and prepared to mount it.

"Out here?" asked Barclay in surprise.

"Straight out. Back in half an hour. So long." He disappeared.

.
Twenty minutes later, Barclay had seen and heard nothing since his friend's disappearance. He examined his watch anxiously every few minutes, afraid, now, not only for himself, but for Martin also. With gruesome thoughts of what might be happening to his comrade at that very moment, he paced his lonely vigil. Splash . . . splash . . . splash . . .



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Crack! A rifle report, closely followed by two others, split the stillness of the night air. His heart beating like a pile driver, Barclay stood still. Was Martin dead? He wanted to look over the parapet, but did not dare. At last he did look. As he did so, a star-shell burst overhead, and he saw the figure of a kneeling man reel forward and fall. Martin! Instantly, his fear forgotten, he dropped his rifle and scrambled over the parapet. He must get Martin!

He crawled over the many obstructions, making his tortuous way across No Man's Land, feverishly intent upon his search for his friend, till suddenly—his fear returned. Supposing a star-shell should burst? He would be seen . . . shot . . . perhaps killed . . . A shell burst. He "froze" and waited for the inevitable. It did not come. He was surprised, then the burden of his fear fell away. He was free—afraid no longer!

His groping hand felt something ahead of him. Martin? The something moved, and groaned, then muttered a few English words. He had found what he was looking for; now how was he to take Martin back? That would be much more difficult than the mere finding of him. His old fears crept back, but he cast them resolutely from him. He would do it, he reflected grimly, if it killed him.

He managed to get Martin across his shoulders, and had gone a few paces on his knees, when he heard a sound behind him. He was being followed. One of the enemy in search of Martin? Gently he laid Martin down, and waited. Waiting, it seemed to him that centuries passed while his old fears returned tenfold. The man might attack him from any side, drive a bayonet into him and

take Martin, and he would never know. And Martin was probably dead, or soon would be. Why not insure his own safety, and return to his own trenches? He turned to retreat, ducked, and grappled with a crouching figure ready with upraised arm. They rolled about in the mud, now one, now the other having the advantage. Suddenly both figures disappeared. A few seconds later, Barclay emerged from the shell hole, one arm hanging limp, and returned to Martin. His fear was gone; the German was dead. He had hit his head on a stone . . . served him right. How his shoulder hurt! Now to get Martin back.

.
On . . . and on . . . and on . . . would he never get there? Crawling . . . crawling . . . with that dead weight on his back and blood oozing from the wound in his shoulder . . . on . . . and on . . . and on . . . A star-shell burst. Shots rang out. A sharp searing pain. He fell, was raised, and knew no more . . .

.
The doctor bent over him and shook his head. Barclay opened his eyes, saw the doctor, and whispered, "Martin?"

"He's all right," replied the doctor, "thanks to you."

Barclay tried to move. A look of pain crossed his face.

"Lie still," said the doctor. "They got you just as you got back to our trenches."

A look of understanding came into Barclay's eyes.

"Will I get better?" he asked simply.

The doctor looked at him. "No," he said, "you won't."

Barclay closed his eyes.

A few minutes later he re-opened



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them. He whispered, "Write to my mother . . . Alberta . . ." The doctor nodded. "Tell her . . . tell her . . . that I was not afraid when I died."

They sent his mother his message; they told her what he never knew—that Martin had obtained valuable information and that he had been the

means of saving many men's lives, and they sent her his medal. They sent her, too, the words of the chaplain at his funeral service. The chaplain had more intuition than most men, and had known and understood Barclay well. He paid him this tribute: "This man conquered fear."

—H. Clark Balmer, *IV-A*.

Northern Lights

Faintly they form, at first
Pale streaks in a velvet sky,
Stealthily creeping high
Then slipping back as if cursed.

Their bars from the void step forth,
Columns of sudden light
That sway in the awful night
Then sink to their fathomless source.

Their tongues kindle and flare
As if poked from some furnace below,
Then die,—smouldering low
And casting a lambent glare.

Like an emerald glacial stream
That dives beneath Northern snows
They disappear in rows
And emerge with a beryl gleam.

The rays are pierced with shades
Of pink and of palest blue,
And a pencil of orange hue
That darts about and fades.

To the very zenith they mount;
Each streamer scintillates,
Each light-rocket palpitates
Till the dome of heaven vibrates,
—A shimmering fire-fount.

Then slowly, their long wings furled,
Like a tired bird reaching the nest,
They silently sink to rest
And darkness recowls the world.

—Edward A. Walton, *V-A*.



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Aerial Transportation

Approximately twenty-five years ago man first flew a motored airplane. The duration of the flight was twelve seconds, and in that time the frail craft covered about two hundred feet. But this was just the beginning of a wonderful means of transportation that was destined to be of the greatest importance to the human race.

When, in 1919, Mr. Thomas, one of the leading British air pioneers, started the world's first daily airplane-express between London and Paris, he said we ought to regard it as the first short 250-mile section of a great airway, which, stage by stage, would stretch right through for 10,000 miles from England to the coast of Australia.

That was but a few years ago, and today, in actual service, or in routes about to be opened, something like 8,000 miles of this great Empire Air-Line are already in existence.

From London travellers can fly any day they please as far as Basle, Switzerland, and on certain days, continue on above Italy and across the Mediterranean to Cairo, there linking up with the Imperial Airways' 2,500-mile line which is operated across the desert and down the Persian Gulf to Karachi.

Huge tri-motored "Hercules" airplanes, embodying all the experience gained in civil flying, are used on this Karachi service. Carrying fourteen passengers, their hulls are specially-designed to protect the occupants from heat or cold, and, they are big enough for meals to be served aboard them while in flight.

A romance of airway engineering

lies behind the building of this Cairo-Karachi route. Great gasoline storage tanks, to be sunk underground, had to be transported to points in the desert where the 'planes descend to refuel. Rest rooms had to be provided at remote places, where, before night-flying becomes regular, air-travellers will descend to spend the night. Wireless telegraph and meteorological stations had to be installed also all along the entire route.

On stages east of Calcutta, it is proposed to employ a new type of all-metal flying-boat. Such machines are fitted with cabins like sea-going ships, and with comfortable sleeping berths. The route that is to be used is from Calcutta to Rangoon and Singapore.

This demonstrates clearly the speed and mobility of the perfected airplane. We shall have immense dirigibles spanning oceans and flying thousands of miles without having to alight, even when carrying one hundred or more passengers. We shall see huge multi-motored leviathans of the air, and flying-boats carrying passengers over shorter land and coastal routes; and in addition there will be a host of small, swift craft engaged in carrying parties of passengers with mails and merchandise, to and fro on short trips, which will link up remote and outlying areas with large trans-oceanic and Continental routes.

It used to be said that dirigibles and airplanes, as they grew more practical, would begin to compete seriously with each other. But such a statement is untrue. Each type has its own useful purpose. Supported in flight by huge gas-containers, the modern rigid air-



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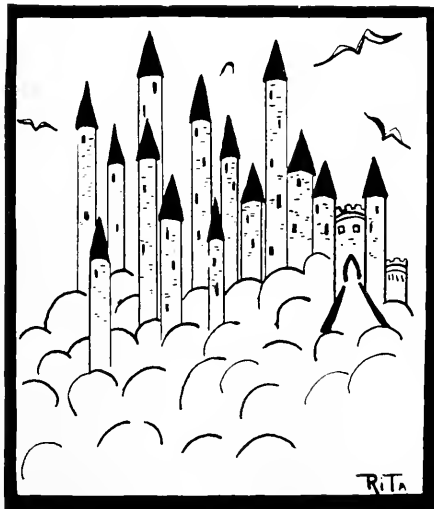
ship can, if necessary, travel with a heavy load of one hundred passengers, for long distances without needing to alight. But the airplane, if it is to be used profitably, ought not to be burdened with too great a load of gasoline, the better course being to come down frequently for the purpose of refueling, otherwise passengers and cargo will have to be sacrificed in order to carry an immense dead-weight of fuel.

Internationally important questions constantly arising make it vital that there should be frequent conventions over the destinies of the Empire. Here the use of the airplane will become indispensable. Not only in airplanes but also in giant dirigibles, the chiefs of governments, and the

heads of great industries will be able to fly from one end of the Empire to the other with such speed and comfort that it will be necessary to change our opinion of the meaning of the words "time" and "distance."

The power of the Roman Empire rested upon its wonderfully-built roads. With the British Empire, so far, the keynote of its power is its world-encircling sea-transport. But in the future, they will have to leave earth for air, and establish a mighty fleet of mercantile dirigibles and airplanes, capable of carrying mails, cargo and passengers to the remotest corners of the earth, in not more than a week or ten days air-travel from London.

—Kenneth Thorndyke, III-E.





When Fate Plays

J. Allan Saudner was sitting at the wheel of his high-powered automobile. The needle of the speedometer was hovering between fifty and fifty-three, as it had since eight o'clock in the morning. It was now five o'clock in the afternoon, and the driver was beginning to feel the strain. For seven hours the same monotonous scene had presented itself to his eyes, the smooth road stretching in front of him like a uniform, endless, white ribbon, two feet of grassless soil at each side of it, and adjoining that, level fields disappearing in the distance.

J. Allan Saudner had often made trips of this length, but none of such vital importance. Sixteen years before, he had married the sweetest girl in the world, only to have death snatch her away from him three years later. Her death left him in charge of a two-year-old youngster. For two months he had tried to act the part of wage earner and nurse at the same time, but had failed miserably. At length, under the urgings of his relatives, he had decided to leave the rearing of the boy to his sister-in-law, herself a widow.

In those days he had been plain Joe Saudner, taxi-driver. He had left his son, his home, his position, everything, and had gone West, where he could start over again. Not once in all those years had he visited his son. All he had done was to send an occasional money order to the boy's aunt.

Now he was returning, not Joe Saudner, taxi-driver, but J. Allan Saudner, millionaire taxi owner. Wealth had made this beautiful road

on which he was driving; wealth had provided this high-powered automobile which was ready to dart forward at the pressure of his foot; and now wealth was going to bring him the one thing he had missed—happiness.

At seven o'clock, when it was getting dusk, he could faintly hear the distant rumbling of thunder. Two hours, however, would see him in the city and then it would only be a matter of minutes.

So let it thunder, what did he care? What were hours compared to years? Two more hours and his dreams would come true. For weeks and months he had planned this trip. For years he had dreamed about what he and his son would do. His son would be about fifteen years old now. First, of course, the boy would have to get a good education, which, under a good tutor, would take about four years. After that they would be real pals. He had been rather lonely but now he would have a companion and confidant.

But perhaps he was being too selfish. Was it right of him to expect his son to spend all his time with him, especially when they were practically strangers?

It was almost nine o'clock now, and about ten more minutes would see him in the city. Meanwhile, night had come on, and the thunder which had at first been faint was now deafening in intensity. Now and then, a flash would illuminate the whole countryside. Queer that there should be so much thunder and lightning, and not so much as a drop of rain on the road.

He had reached the city now. The



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long ride had made him sleepy, and the street lights were not working because of the storm, so that driving was especially difficult. However, he did not have much trouble in locating his sister-in-law's house. After parking his car, he lightly ran up to the door, and rang the bell. A stranger answered his ring.

"Pardon me," he asked, "does Mrs. Laidner live here?"

"No," was the answer, "she doesn't. She moved out about eight years ago."

"That's strange, I've been sending mail to her here for thirteen years."

"Well, you see, all her mail is handed over to the landlord who forwards it to her. Wait a moment, and I will telephone him and find her address for you."

"Do, please."

In a few minutes she returned.

"She lives at 149 Radley Avenue, in the north end of the city."

Radley Avenue! Even to his dim memory that name brought a flood of recollections. Radley Avenue! One of the poorest and most notorious districts in the city! What in the world could have induced her to move there?

Without a word of thanks, he rushed down to his car. What was this? Both headlights had burned out! But lights or no lights, he had to go!

With a roar the car sped away. What a ride that was! More by instinct than anything else, for he could not see the road, he made his way in the general direction of Radley Avenue. Suddenly he lost his sense of direction, and had to stop to find out where he was. Dimly, he could discern a street intersection ahead of him where he made out a sign-post at the corner. Striking a match, he read the name of the street. Radley

Avenue was at his left. To find out in which direction the street ran was the work of only a minute, so that soon he was on his way once more.

Barely had he managed to get some speed out of the car when he felt it strike something with a sickening crash. Stopping his car and looking back, he could just discern a huddled form on the road. To reach the body required but a moment. He lit a match and saw that it was a ragged youth, not bad-looking in spite of his pale features. It took only one glance to see that he was dead.

A terrible thought entered J. Allan Saudner's head. No one had seen the accident, and, besides, he was in a hurry. It was not his fault if street tramps persisted in walking around at night. Most likely the lad was homeless, and would not be missed, so why not leave the body at the side of the road? Grimly he carried the lifeless burden to the curb and dropped it there. Slowly he made his way back to the car, started it, and drove to his destination, this time with less speed.

He found number 149 with little trouble and rang the bell.

"Are you Mrs. Laidner?" he asked.

"Yes. Er—who—?"

"I am Joe."

"Joe! Why, this is so unexpected. Do come in."

Slowly he entered the long hall with one small light in the centre of the ceiling. The wall-paper was torn, and in parts the plaster had fallen away.

"Mary," he said, "what is the meaning of this? What in the world made you move here?"

"Well, what else could I do?" She resented his reproach. "My only source of income was your very infrequent money orders."

A pang of regret shot through his



heart at these words. Truly he had been a very thoughtless father.

They were in the living-room now.

"Where is my boy?"

"He went out to the store for me. He should be back any minute now. If you will wait a moment, I will bring you a picture of him."

In a minute or two, she returned and handed it to him. As he looked at the card in his hand, an expression of horror crept over his face. Slowly he grasped the awful truth. The youth in the picture was his "street tramp!"

—*Louis Marks, V-A.*

Winter Twilight

The night came slowly on us
With stealthy, hidden steps.
The day was slowly fading
From the barren wind-swept hills.
A dog barked in the valley,
A cold wind stirred the bushes
And died away in the silence.
Suddenly there was no light,
All colour and sound had fled
To some far corner of space;
And only gray clouds above,
White snow below, remained.

—*Nora Hodgins, V-A.*

Night

Mysterious night!

Its deep silences form a background for the myriad sounds that seem to drift past on the wings of soft breezes. Across the velvet blackness of the night sky, the stars form a shining pathway for the blue, misty dream-fairies that wander from the Land of Make-Believe to visit us, as we lie sleeping. A spirit of beauty and peace steals through the world, this world of slumber and repose; and far above in golden splendour, the moon shines serenely over all.

Night is unreality, filled with the shadowy, obscure fancies of the un-

known. Perhaps, indistinctly, we see the dim figure of a dream-fairy pause for a moment at our window, to blow towards us a radiant dream bubble. There is a gentle fragrance of wild flowers left behind her.

Night inspires within us a feeling of awe and wonder. As we look up at the stars and planets illumined against the great arching sky, we become aware of our own insignificance. Then, at last, our eyes close, and we sink into oblivion, into the grey twilight of sleep.

—*Gladys Evans, III-A.*



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Excerpts from the Valedictory Address

Mr. Wren, visitors, the staff, students, ladies and gentlemen:

Today we return as graduates, but little more than five years ago we crossed the sand-dunes south of the school for the first time. Not many of us have forgotten what a motley crowd we were: grinning girls, who had not yet joined the Society for the Prevention of Shiny Noses, and awkward boys, who folded their arms stiffly and waited for the gong to ring them into the school for the first time. After the strangeness of the opening week, however, we began to appreciate the freedom of High School and to ridicule the narrow conventions of Public School before admiring younger brothers and sisters.

In October, the weekly rugby game and half-holiday gave us a chance to parade about the field with school colours flying and to gossip, in between the exciting moments of the game, about the star rugby players of the Upper School, the teachers, homework, and the coming winter.

At that time we could be excused for putting on running shoes in the middle of an algebra period, for confusing the older students with the younger teachers, or for wandering into a staff-meeting in search of the janitor. At that time, too, dress and personal appearance mattered little to us. The girls were unconscious of their long and beautiful locks doomed all too soon to fall beneath the barber's shears; the boys were guilty of using a comb about once a week—certainly not oftener. Work was also of secondary importance, for, when unobserved, we spent our time and creative genius editing illustrated

dailies, after the style of the *Star*, and sketching morbid faces in the margins of our Latin and French grammars.

After a fall and early winter of minor diversions and major surprises, the Christmas holidays opened their arms to us through the mist of our first High School examinations. Wishing our teachers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, we sprang back along the homeward trail to spend the next two weeks on skis or skates.

In January, however, we returned to school with firm resolutions to work a little harder. Outside in the portables many of us passed the pleasant day in a temperature ranging anywhere from ten degrees below zero to one hundred above; and though the ink froze in winter and boiled in summer, the portables did have their advantages. They had back doors as well as front, and dark corners to hide any little diversions such as dogs, cats, snakes, or salamanders. During the winter months the teachers, passing to and fro from the school, usually caught bad colds, which meant for us occasionals and the leisure to enjoy a little sleep. When the newest addition to the school was opened for occupation the following fall, many of us lamented the passing of the portables and, even as early as second form, could look back with sorrow on the old days.

Fourth form rolled up on the other side of summer. We began to understand that we were children no longer but had arisen to a stage where much was expected of us. We did not entirely abandon chalk to chalk engagements, it is true; we did not



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admit that Virgil was a master of his art or that there was any sense at all in ancient legend. We did not even admit to ourselves that we were changing, and yet we could feel a gradual difference. Taking less for granted, we began to burrow a little below the surface before advancing an opinion, to trace our ambitions to their sources, and to wonder in just what proportions energy was rewarded later on with success. Yet we spent our time in a whirl of work and sport. Hermes and Literary Society, tea-dances, championships, and examinations. We thought that we knew how to work but we had no systems and very vague ideas of how to study. Yet we were trying to think for ourselves and that was sufficient. June passed again like a shadow and September found us sifted and scattered. Many, for reasons beyond their control, were forced to leave school. Yet they were just as much a vital part of our class as those who returned to begin a fifth year, which involved the work of a first year in the University. The following June, vainly trying to ignore the urgings of baseball, golf, and tennis, and the buzzing of flies and younger brothers, we sat down before piles of books and notes, expressed the vinegar of existence on our faces, and entered the slaughter halls on the appointed dates of execution. We listened to the shouts of the free on the tennis courts just outside the windows and understood that fate was cruel.

But with the end of August came the matriculation results. Many of us were surprised, many others quite surprised. Now we have scattered.

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We should like to direct a remark at each one of the teaching staff who

has helped us along the torturous road, but time forbids as well as caution.

Although we have returned to HumberSide for the last official time and stand before you as graduates, we have found out in the last few months that we are merely beginners. It is rather fortunate that we can begin again once in a while. We have our High School education behind us as a background and as a source of judgment. If we have made the best use of the past five years, it will not take us long to readjust ourselves in a new world, and, if we have not, we stand as a warning to those who follow.

In such a large school as ours, we make no claim that all has been perfect. Yet, looking back and looking forward, we have no complaint to advance, but rather a word of gratitude. We have enjoyed our years at High School, and we realize now how fortunate we have been in our friends and in our teachers from whom, subconsciously, we have learned to think and to reason. The highest aim of education is not to stuff students with methods and other people's ideas, but to draw them out and to give them a chance to understand their own interests. This High School has accomplished for most of us. But it has done still more.

Education in itself would mean little to us unless we had a sense of value and proportion and were able at times to see over and above the walls of ordinary life. And, therefore, as we leave High School, we like to remember it is a centre of balance which has helped to develop in us this moral foundation and a feeling of remembrance and of gratitude which will continue to grow. It is in this spirit that we say farewell.

—Henry Noyes.



Wanted---Wisdom

Night has come, the stars peep out,
And giant shadows flit about.
A wise old owl in the glen
Watches the sleeping world of men.
A fairy prince, passing that way,
Stops a moment just to say,
"Why do the stars burn so bright?
Are they really the eyes of night?
Why do all the flowers mass
In the thick green, verdant grass?
When stars are shining overhead,
Why do mortals go to bed?
Give me wisdom please, I pray,
And gifts I'll bring you every day."



Our Scholarship Winners

We are proud this year of our scholarship winners and are setting aside these special pages as a tribute to them. But because the honour falls to a more select few, each should receive more recognition. Scholarships are not obtained for a song; they are the reward of constant application and earnest effort. They are a laurel of genius, but genius, according to Edison, "is 95% perspiration and 5% inspiration." The winning of such scholarships reflects, too, the quality of teaching at Humberside. In one short examination all the training of years is called into play. This year that training was not in vain. May their present success be only an earnest of their future accomplishments.



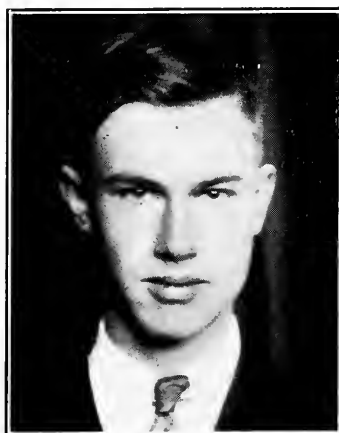
Henry Noyes last year topped five years of academic proficiency by winning a University Alumni Scholarship. As Editor-in-Chief, his *Hermes* won first place among the school magazines of Ontario. Moreover, he was valedictorian for his class so that it was only natural that he should be voted the most outstanding boy in last year's graduating class. May his record at University where he is now studying Moderns be as fine a one as he left for us at Humberside.

Jack Vanstone is of such a quiet and retiring disposition that, until the final results were announced, almost no one realized that he was a mathematician of the first water, in fact a wizard in all his subjects. Last year he captured the Gold Medal for high standing in the fifth form and carried off three University Scholarships for Mathematics and General Proficiency. He is also an all-round athlete. This year he is studying at University College, where, it is rumoured, he is surpassing even his last year's records.



While Audrey Stevens attended Humberside she was prominent in all girls' sports, winning both junior and senior honours on Field Day and playing forward on the basketball team which won the city championship. Last year, she held one of the highest executive positions in the school, that of President of the Girls' Athletic Association. On Graduation, having been voted by the staff and the students the most outstanding girl of last year's class, she was awarded the Fred Moore Cup for leadership, scholarship, character and games.

In spite of a busy year outside of school, Ross Richardson was successful in the Alumni Scholarship for General Proficiency. As fellow students we are proud of his achievement. Ross is not only a brilliant scholar but a splendid pianist and organist. Although he is scientifically inclined, and has made science his hobby, he is destined to become a mathematician. At University College, which he is now attending, he is retaining his high record.





Edward is the editor. Three years ago he joined the Hermes staff in the capacity of secretary and filled this post so well that last year he was made associate editor. Walton's efforts, however, are not all confined to journalism, for besides being one of V-A's star pupils, he takes a prominent part in the "Lunch Room Quartet."

Our business manager this year, Arnold Sharpe, in accordance with the best traditions of the Hermes, is keeping things running smoothly and keeping the credit column well in the lead of the debit column. Arn. meets all situations with, "We've got to get this done now."



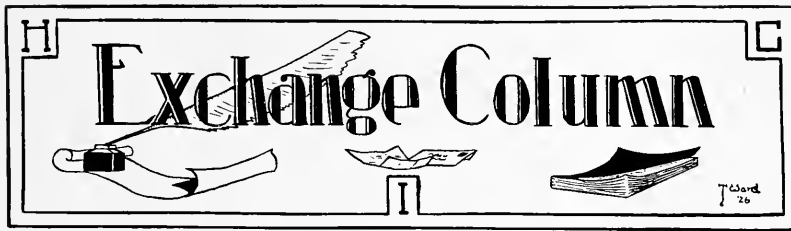
It is largely due to Margaret Hand's efforts that the Literary section of this year's Hermes is such a success. Ever since she came to Humberside she has been an indefatigable worker and consequently a brilliant scholar. Amongst her friends she is appreciated because of her unfailing cheerfulness and her ability to find "good in everything."

Frank Coburn has been busily engaged in school activities since first coming to Humberside. He has twice represented his form on the Literary Society and has served as Humour Editor, School Activities Editor, and Advertising Manager of the Hermes. Unfortunately Frank had to resign this year owing to ill-health, but he helped as zealously as ever.



Introducing to you another of this school's outstanding characters—Humberside's efficient business man—in business for the Hermes. As circulation manager, Louis Marks has made excellent use of his genial smile by inducing many to subscribe to our magazine. This year Marks is helping to make V-A a brilliant class.

Exchange Column



We write an editorial! Well, well! Seriously, though, the task of attending to the exchange department of the *Hermes* has been a most enjoyable one. True, it entails plenty of reading and cuts into one's spare time (if any) unmercifully, but the pleasure and broadening influence easily makes up for all this.

We have the opportunity of comparing *The Hermes* with magazines from schools all over Canada and even with those of England, Australia, and South Africa. Needless to say, it compares favourably. Never before has *The Hermes* known such an exten-

sive exchange list. We have at least fifty magazines on our shelf, and, though it is neither here nor there, we are thinking of agitating for a larger cupboard space. (The cupboard door simply won't shut). Nevertheless, all these magazines have been read and most of them commented upon. We hope our candid criticisms and caustic remarks will be received in the spirit with which they are given and, if our opinions have helped any of our fellow editors, our work has not been in vain.

—Gwen Morison, IV-B,
Exchange Editor.

Acta Nostra—Guelph Collegiate and Vocational Institute—We liked the appearance, the arrangement and contents. So, you see, on the whole we have a high opinion of your magazine.

The Hello—Brantford Collegiate Institute—The headings are well done, and your poetry section is commendable, both for quality and quantity.

The Echoes—Peterborough Collegiate Institute—A pleasure to read! Pictures, poems, jokes—practically everything above the average. Why not insert a separate poetry section?

The Bugle—Crescent High School, Calgary—The cartoons are good, and the jokes are better, but the literary section is somewhat scanty.

Burnaby South Annual—New Westminster—Class news and school activities well done, but why not insert a larger literary section and a little humour?

The Carillon—Ottawa Technical School—In general your magazine is good, but it needs more careful arrangement of material. We realize

"ads" are a necessary evil, but do hide them away!

The Collegiate Outlook—Central Collegiate, Moose Jaw—An organ representing two schools in a most competent manner. The new cover is an improvement.

The Collegiate—Sarnia Collegiate Institute—A smart, up-to-the-minute publication, with all the modern improvements. It displays a school spirit to be proud of.

The Collegian—Stratford Collegiate and Vocational Institute—The sport department is especially well organized, and your "Moderns" is a section deserving of praise.

The Grumbler—Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate—You have some budding novelists and poets in your school. Encourage them! We were interested in your novel exchange column.

King's Collegian—King's College, Auckland, N.Z.—We are given a very clear idea of school life in the Antipodes by your magazine, but might we suggest that stories and poems would add interest.

The Griffin—Laurence Sheriff-Rugby—We welcome England's only representative on our exchange list again. You are correct in believing that your paper needs lighter material, but the school news is well done.

King's School Magazine—The King's School, Paramatta, Australia—The pictures of "The Days That Were" are unique and "different," and your original contributions are good enough to warrant more of them.

The Lanterns—Bedford Road Collegiate, Saskatoon—Your literary section has an abundance of good material, and your jokes—although not notable for quantity—have that rare attribute of originality.

London Central Collegiate Institute Review—Ultra-modern and "smart," but somewhat hard to follow. It is obvious that you have the enthusiastic support of the whole school.

Lux Glebana—Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa—Neat! The department headings are fine. Why not have these artists do a few cartoons for the magazine?

The Oracle—Oakville High School—Another "first attempt," and a good one! More variety in the subjects of your essays would make them even more interesting.

The Oracle—Fort William Collegiate—We didn't find many stories, and the poems were hardly of a serious nature. We did, however, enjoy your excellent exchange column.

The Paris High School Year Book—A welcome addition to our exchange. Your form news could hardly be improved upon, but you need more stories and poems.

The Parkdalian—Parkdale Collegiate—Every department is skilfully handled, the prose and poetry sections being especially commendable.

The High School of Quebec—A review that deals with every department of school life in a thoroughly business-like fashion. An excellent exchange column, but an alarming inadequacy of stories!

The O.A.C. Review—Guelph—An instructive periodical that shows development along every line of editorial endeavour.

The Scotch Collegian—Scotch Collegiate, Melbourne, Australia—We were impressed by the serious mindedness of your publication. We suggest newsier and more informative captions.

Shellbourne High School Year Book—Your poetry department is especially praiseworthy, but your photographs are too small to be clear.

The Tatler—Port Colborne High School—The form news is very complete, but the short stories and articles are notable for their absence.

The Torch—Napanee Collegiate Institute—We recommend a better quality of paper and more short stories to improve the tone of your magazine. Otherwise—good work!

The Van Tech—Vancouver Technical School—It is refreshing in its clean appearance, quality and variety of reading matter, and charming treatment of photographs.

The St. Andrew's College Magazine—Grahamstown, S.A.—Quite different from our type of magazine, but for school and sport news could hardly be improved upon!

We also gratefully acknowledge The Trinity College Review, Vox Lycei, The Salt Shaker, The Magnet, The Scarboro Bluff, Hi-Times, The Queen's Review, The Tatler and The Blue Bell, The Howler, The Vulcan, The Reveille, The Parkdalian, The Muse, The Lampadian, The Monocle, The New Era, The Oracle (Oakville), The St. Andrew's Review, The Acta Victoriana, The Eastern Echo, Allaboutus, The Conning Tower. Windsor—Walkerville Tech., and offer lack of space and lateness in receiving copies to excuse our not commenting on them. Nevertheless they have all been read and enjoyed! We hope all our old friends will be back with us next year.



Although often skimmed over by the average student, as furnishing inferior reading to that found in the lively atmosphere of the Humour Department, or to the works of aspiring literary genii of Humberside, this section is nevertheless an integral part of the magazine. Is it not fitting that a part of it be devoted to the activities of the students who go to make up the school itself?

Now, while the activities of the student body of the past year are fresh in your minds, reading parts at least of this section will be like reading, in a morning paper, an account of something which happened the previous afternoon and hence, appeared in yesterday's evening paper. But in the years to come, when you have graduated and left Humberside, it will be gratifying to be reminded of the former "fame" of yourself and of your classmates, by opening your

Hermes (for you will surely treasure it as a keepsake) and reading in the School Activities Section. Perhaps you were an active member of the Literary Society; perhaps you acted the leading role in a school play; or you may have covered yourself with glory by winning a university scholarship.

Both to lessen the editor's work, and also out of compassion for our readers, the editor of this section has done only a small portion of the actual writing. We wish to avail ourselves of this opportunity of thanking all those who have helped by writing articles and of expressing our appreciation of the guidance of our advisory editor, Mr. Wooldridge, who, although actively engaged in preparing for other school events, willingly gave his time to make the section a success.

—Jack Lewis, V-A.



Commencement

The first outstanding event of the school year 1929-30 took place on November 7th, when parents and pupils assembled in the auditorium at the thirty-sixth annual Commencement of Humberside Collegiate Institute. At this function, Humberside's supremacy in both the academic and athletic worlds was amply demonstrated, for the programme bore witness that, in addition to winning six provincial scholarships, Humberside pupils had won five city championships in sport. Jack Vanstone, Henry Noyes and Ross Richardson were the pupils who brought honour to their school by winning University Scholarships.

Henry Noyes, as valedictorian, delivered an address, parts of which have been printed elsewhere in this issue. The pupils who had obtained the highest mark throughout the whole year, in each of the five grades, were presented with gold medals, and the winners of the oratorical contests were similarly awarded with silver cups. A former member of the staff, Dr. A. V. Brown, had donated a cup for proficiency in history, and in the first year of its

presentation, it was awarded to Nora Hodgins of V-A. Possibly the most coveted honour of all, however, was the Fred Moore cup or the West Toronto Kiwanis cup which were won this year by Audrey Stevens and Henry Noyes, respectively. These graduates had previously been voted the most outstanding in scholarship, leadership, character and games.

The gift of the graduating class to the school this year took the form of a scholarship honour roll, as well as a mural painting. When the latter was unveiled, Margaret Hand read the interpretation which the artist, Mr. Lismer, gave to the picture.

The pupils who had graduated from the school formed a circle about the entire auditorium, each moving forward to receive his diploma.

Between presentations, the audience was favoured with musical numbers from the Girls' Glee Club, the School Orchestra, Fred Osler, Dennis Harrington, and Max Winesanker. At the conclusion of the programme, teachers, graduates, and pupils retired to the girls' gymnasium for a social hour.

Christmas Relief

The Christmas cheer work that was carried on in Humberside with such success, was due, no doubt, in no small way to the efforts of the students; but we fully realize, that without the support and co-operation of our principal, the untiring efforts of the teachers, and also the aid extended from many sources outside the school, we could not have hoped for such success. It

is for this reason that we wish to extend our sincerest thanks, on behalf of the students, to everyone who helped in the work. Now we are able to boast of having placed a heart in Humberside. We hope, that in each forthcoming year, the work will be carried forward to more widespread results.

—B. Taylor, IV-C.

"THE HERMES"

We knew Jack Hamilton would do great things when last year he came second in the Senior oratorical contest. He has more than lived up to our expectations. Last year he became a cadet lieutenant. This year, he is President of the Literary Society and is taking a prominent part in school activities.



Florence Nichols, a diligent and brilliant scholar, obtained eight "firsts" at her Junior Matriculation examinations last year. This year, as a member of V-A, she has brought honour to her form by winning the girls' Gold Medal in Senior Oratory.

Fergus Morrill is Humberside's champion orator for 1930, having won the Senior Series against keen competition. Ferg. has also taken an active interest in the Literary Society and at one of its meetings gave an inspiring address on the auditorium Memorial Window. He is also a member of the Senior Rifle Team.



Barbara Palmer has become famous in oratory by winning the Girls' Junior Oratorical Contest. However, her many friends were not surprised at the judges' decision, for in her Public School days Barbara won the Silver Cup for girls' oratory at Runnymede. Heartiest congratulations on a well-merited victory, Barbara!

Jack Kelly was winner, this year, of the Junior Oratorical Contest in spite of keen competition, and as such, his will be the second name inscribed on the Douglas Johnson Memorial Cup. Jack takes great interest in all literary pursuits and is a yearly contributor of the Hermes. Our best wishes for future success go out to him.





Activities of the Literary Society

Hon. Pres., Mr. M. B. Wooldridge, B.A.

Hon. Vice-Pres., Miss A. Ward, M.A.

President, Jack Hamilton.

Vice-Pres., Margaret Cowan.

Secretary, Gwen Morison.

Treasurer, Leslie Rowntree.

During the past season our Literary Society, under the guidance of Mr. Wooldridge, has taken a much more important place in the life of the school than in previous years. Throughout the whole building everyone has shown a spirit of co-operation, a feeling of fellowship, and a respect that alone can hold our society on a solid foundation. This spirit was exemplified in the excellent attendance given to our first meeting, a musicale, held late in October. The varied programme, opened by the president, consisted of violin and piano solos, music from the Collegians, a vocal solo, a novel sword dance, and selections from the Glee Club.

Almost a month later the patriotic meeting was held, the feature of which was an address given by Fergus Morell, who described in graphic detail the memorial window in our auditorium, followed by a reading of "Sir Galahad." A rollicking ten minutes of saxophone entertainment, a sing-song, a dance and a patriotic story terminated the afternoon.

The important gathering of the term, the Christmas meeting, took

place on the evening of December the thirteenth. Boys and girls, dressed in appropriate costumes, sang carols, blending the programme with a touch of the Christmas spirit. Two plays, enacted by our own pupils, directed by Miss McPhail, Miss Stock and Mr. Clarke, a recitation and a dance intermingled with selections from the orchestra, formed the rest of the entertainment.

In January the Hart House Players were brought to the school under the auspices of the society, to present Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The Oratorical contests, taking place shortly afterward, broke all bounds, with forty speakers competing for the honours, due to the new system under which they were carried on. A complete departure in school entertainment was taken when the teachers, at the request of the pupils, under the direction of Mr. Clarke, gave an entire programme, presenting Merrill Denison's humorous plays, "Brothers in Arms" and "The Weather Breeder." Thus the Literary Society of 1929-30 provided entertainment of the highest type for the hundreds of students which it served.



THE LITERARY SOCIETY

F. Oakley, W. Allman, E. Wagner, M. Apted, T. Adamson, L. Klink,
 F. Manchee, G. Buchanan, H. Cone, M. Cation, H. Gula, A. Norris, M. Bennett,
 G. Ross, L. Thompson, V. Breen, A. MacKinnon, R. Hunt, H. Lloyd, E. Sullivan,
 R. Wright, L. Rowntree, M. Cowan, Mr. Wooldridge, Miss Ward, J. Hamilton, G. Morison.

"THE HERMES"

Home Acres

When the curtain went up on the night of the School Play, it was greeted with exclamations of delight. At last Humberside's stage had real scenery! The audience suddenly grew tense when, after a sharp knock at the door, the countrified old maid, Ann Rickett, entered. The plot quickly unfolded on the return of big brother John Whitman from two years of college life. His newly acquired culture led him to despise farm life and his sister Rose's country swain, David Holden. He and his college friend, Wilfred Clay, persuaded his maiden aunt, Jane Whitman, who had been mother to him and Rose, to dispose of the farm.

Act two took place in the richly furnished drawing-room in their new city home, where the hired girl and man supplied the comedy as the French maid and butler. Owing to the cupidity of Wilfred Clay, Helen Dalton and Jim Ferguson, the Whitman money was lost and they were compelled to leave the city.

The last act revealed the fact that

Dave Holden had bought the farm and brought the Whitmans back to the old homestead. Here followed a touching reunion between Rose and her rustic sweetheart. Enoch and Lib surprised everyone with the announcement of their engagement. The climax was reached when the repentant Helen Dalton begged forgiveness of John Whitman, and the curtain fell on the happy lovers.

Much of the credit for the play goes to Mr. Wooldridge, who was able to obtain such fine co-operation among the actors and his committee. The caste consisted of the following players:

Ann Rickett	Margaret Gravelle
Jane Whitman	Ruth Agnew
David Holden	"Pete" Lewis
Rose Whitman	Joan Garton
Lib	Audrey Till
Enoch	Max Page
John Whitman	Harvey Williams
Wilfred Clay	Den Mills
Helen Dalton	Doris Collins
Jim Ferguson	Harry Gula
Director.....	Mr. M. B. Wooldridge, B.A.

As You Like It

On Friday evening, January 24, the University Extension Players appeared on the Humberside stage, when they presented "As You Like It." So anxious were the people to see this play that the house was sold several days before the performance. At

intervals during the play, interesting music was presented, some of which was four hundred years old. All Humbersiders wish to express their appreciation to the company and musicians who so graciously provided entertainment.

Poetry Club

This year, under the guidance of Miss Stewart, a poetry club has been formed of students from V-A, V-B, and IV-A who are interested in the study and writing of poetry. As a

result, more students have submitted poems for the Hermes than in any previous year. It is to be hoped that with this favourable beginning, the poetry club may enjoy a successful future.

"THE HERMES"

Margaret Cowan, active vice-president of the Literary Society, competent Big Sister Officer of the Girl's Athletic Association, clever actress in the School Play and would-be dentist, has played her part in Humberside's activities with her usual zeal. Marg's creed must be, "the true success is to labour."



Lorne Smith has been directly connected with the Hermes Staff for three years, and has been active in the School Plays. When he is not subduing Latin and Greek verbs, he is either listening to some funny story or pursuing a delinquent contributor to the Hermes.

During her three years at Humberside, Gwen Morison has been one of the School's outstanding characters. Her activities have not limited her to the attainment of knowledge, for she has taken a prominent part in Humberside's social and literary movements.



Wayne Allman, Humberside's super-saxophonist, who can make a saxophone cry, laugh and talk, has been the life of many Literary Meetings. As leader of the collegians, Wayne deserves much credit; yet music is not his only forte, for it is none other than he who is Assistant Humour Editor of the Hermes.

Joan Garton, the efficient social convenor of the G.A.A., besides being a talented pianist, displays marked academic and dramatic ability. For the past three years, while keeping up an admirable record in her studies, she has taken a prominent part in the School Play.



"THE HERMES"

Hall Speakers



Rev. G. A. Leichter, one of Toronto's outstanding ministers who is in great demand as an after-dinner speaker, gave the students at one of our morning assemblies, a rousing address on the subject: "Who Am I?"



Never have Humbersiders enjoyed a greater privilege than that of listening to Dr. E. Barker, lecturer, author, and medical advisor to ex-president Taft. With the language of a born orator, Dr. Barker portrayed conditions found among the younger generation. He tried to make the students realize the dangers and temptations that lay before them, and pointed out how they might be avoided.

* * *

Late in 1929, Humberside had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Booth, who is said to have spoken before more students of High School age than any other living man. He related many interesting anecdotes, chiefly personal, and explained how he had profited by his own mistakes. "Play the game squarely," said Mr. Booth, "and live up to the history and traditions of your school."

Last fall, we were indeed fortunate in obtaining as a speaker, one of the most noted men in the financial world, Mr. Beck, who in his capacity as Director of the Personnel of the N.Y. Stock Exchange, has aided thousands of boys of High School age. The theme of his inspiring discourse was "What you are to be, you are now becoming." He likewise endeavoured to impress upon his listeners the necessity of having a good character in the business world.

* * *

Recently Humberside extended to Mr. J. P. Hagerman, otherwise known as the "boy's friend," a royal welcome that will never be forgotten by those present. After an absence of four years, Mr. Hagerman has returned to continue his labours among Canadian boys. In a very forceful address he endeavoured to show the value of true friendship and the necessity of always climbing as we journey through life.

"THE HERMES"



The Camera Club

This is station C-A-M-E-R-A announcing from Room Five in Humberside Collegiate. Our aim is to make the members better acquainted with photographic processes.

The first number on the programme will be a trip to the Canadian Kodak Company of Weston. Everybody who is interested in Cameras will receive a great deal of benefit from this excursion.

We now take the opportunity of extending our thanks to those who attended the movie entertainment put on by this club. From the proceeds of this meeting an enlarging camera was purchased.

We are now signing off, but will return to the air three weeks from today, on Wednesday, at 3.30 p.m. This is Phyllis Veale of IV-E announcing.



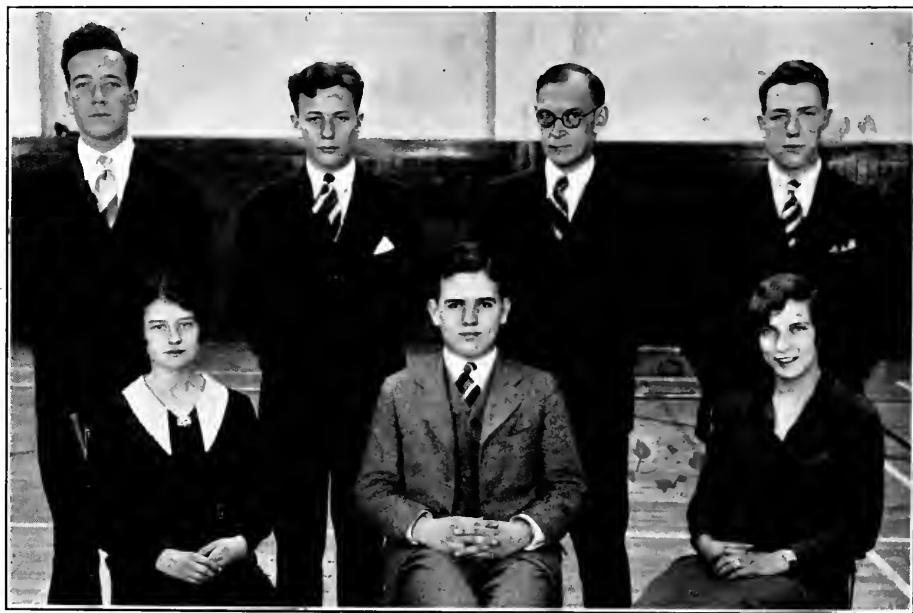
The Ski Club

Of all the organizations in the school, the Ski Club is perhaps the only one which is almost entirely at the mercy of the weatherman. Every project is a matter of faith; probably that very fact makes the actual meetings of the Ski Club more enjoyable.

The club, however, is very fortunate in having such excellent places for skiing as High Park and Humber Valley Golf Course. As honorary president, Mr. McQuarrie has done everything within his power to make the club a success. Len Williams, president, found it hard skiing on his head and shoulders. Mary Keeling,

our secretary, has broken all existing records by turning her skis into a toboggan while going down steep hills. Chuck Quarrington, tour-captain, certainly has a difficult time keeping the crowd together, and usually has to go twice as far as the rest, in order to make both ends meet. As vice-president, Margaret Baiden has fulfilled her duties capably.

While no performers of international renown have as yet been discovered, the ski club has created a feeling of good fellowship among its members, and we hope that in the future the numbers will increase as they have this year.



SKI CLUB EXECUTIVE

A. Tutty, C. Quarrington, Mr. McQuarrie, M. Twible,
M. Baiden, L. Williams, M. Keeling.

"THE HERMES"

It is not because Nancy Smith won the gold medal for proficiency in three consecutive forms, nor yet because she has been Lower School, Exchange, Assistant Literary, and this year Associate Editor of the Hermes, that we like her. Those vivid stories may charm us, but it is that slow, delightful smile that wins her to our hearts.



Gretta Ross, having won three gold medals for her leadership of Forms 1, 2, and 3, has kept up her record by leading Form 4 in the fall term. Besides being a representative of the Literary Society, she took part in "Three Pills in a Bottle."

Helen Purver, this year of III-C, has distinguished herself in the past by winning the gold medal for proficiency in the first and second forms. Much is expected of Helen, for she is working harder than ever. We all join in wishing her every success and reward for her efforts.



Watch this boy! Last year Edward Boyce came to Humberside, a stranger from the west, and gave the lady obtaining highest first-form average an interesting race. He finished second. At the end of the last term he was leading the second forms. Tell us the secret, Ed.

This fall, Frieda Stein of I-H, although only twelve years of age, won first place in the first forms with an average of ninety per cent. She is a general favourite and with her industry and ability, will doubtless go far.



Mr. Husband's Report

Just as men are known by their deeds, so is a school judged by its accomplishments from year to year. Dr. Husband, in his report on his recent visit to the school, is highly complimentary to the Principal of Humberstone and to his staff. The report reads, in part, as follows:

"The Board of Education and the Principal are to be congratulated on the general efficiency of the staff of this school. They are, for the most part, men and women of ripe scholarship and wide experience as teachers. The five teachers who joined the staff

has been in keeping with the high ideals of the Principal, the staff, and the students. Its efficiency is due in large measure to the fine organizing and administrative ability of Principal Wren and also to the loyalty and enthusiasm of the staff. Through a varied programme of extracurricular activities, the interest of the pupils is being aroused in things which have an important cultural and training value.

"Principal Wren has shown great skill as an organizer in providing fairly adequately for the needs of 1,266 pupils with a staff of only 35 teachers. It is hardly necessary for me to state that it is impossible for any teacher to do justice to classes of 40 or over and each of the 12 Lower School classes in the Institute has an enrolment of at least 45. That of Upper School Physics has an enrolment of 50.

"It gives me great pleasure to speak very favourably of the assistance given to Mr. Wren by Miss Thompson and Mr. Jermyn."

Mr. Husband has seen the need of increased accommodation and of more teachers to relieve the overcrowded classes and suggests the addition of a larger library study, a cafeteria, a new laboratory, a sitting room for the lady teachers and a gymnasium for the boys, as well as some additional class rooms.

It is hoped that, in the near future, improvements will be made as they have been during the past year and that eventually the school will be equipped with a new gymnasium for the boys, a larger library and at least one more laboratory for the study of science.

in September are doing good work and have already won the esteem and confidence of the pupils.

"This Collegiate Institute continues to be 'ONE OF THE MOST OUTSTANDING SCHOOLS IN THE PROVINCE' and its success in every phase of its work during the past year





Music at Humberside, though not yet of "gold medal" standard, has certainly flourished during the past year and has been highly successful in all its branches.

Let us first listen to the school orchestra, Humberside's largest musical organization, under the supervision of Mr. S. H. Clarke, who deserves congratulations for the success he has attained in assembling and training it. Special mention should be made of one member, Fred Osler, of IV-C, who not only appreciates the better type of music which the orchestra plays, but ably interprets it himself. Fred has been a faithful member of the orchestra for four years.

The strains of dance music drift to our ears from the auditorium. There the Collegians are seated on the platform, rendering some new selection. This orchestra has provided music at many and various functions, including the Girls' Athletic Association Masquerade, Literary Society Meetings, and Morning Halls. The credit for its success this year is due to Wayne Allman, who has worked hard to keep it organized.

The work which Mr. Wooldridge has been doing in training the Girls' Glee Club also deserves recognition. He has gradually increased the number of members in the club until now there are about one hundred girls singing choruses under his direction.



OUR GLEE CLUB

"THE HERMES"

The Glee Club, ably accompanied by Miss L. Hingston, has furnished music this year at Commencement, and at the Christmas Festival, as well as at several other entertainments.

At one of the morning halls, the students enjoyed the privilege of

hearing Mr. and Mrs. Patterson in various musical selections.

Let it be said in conclusion that, without a doubt, Humberside has many capable musicians as the activities of the year have shown, but although these were creditable, an even better year is anticipated.



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

H. Adamson,	D. Harrington,	F. Osler,	R. Lundberg,	
R. Morningstar,	W. Allman,	A. Campbell,	H. Perry,	H. Proctor,
L. Moorehouse,	A. Garriock,	C. McLean,	A. Malone,	H. Ward,
T. Evans,	M. Gray,	M. Haes,	Mr. Clarke,	M. Walker,
				M. Marson,
				J. Siemms,
				W. McMillan,
				A. Joliffe,

The Theatre Party

In the spring of 1929, Humberside held its second annual theatre party. At two-thirty the students thronged from the school, and in a short time began to arrive in waves at the popular Runnymede theatre. "Esprit d'Ecole" reigned in the packed house, as vigorous clapping applauded the commencement of the feature picture. Stage entertainment was provided both by students of the school and by outside talent. In short, for three hours King Fun held sway over the laughing Humbersiders, whirling

vaudeville and pictures before their eyes until, at six o'clock, he released them.

The entire proceeds of the party were used in sending a second track team to Milwaukee. This would not have been possible without the help and generosity of Jimmy Lynch, the manager of the Runnymede. We wish to express our thanks to him for loaning the theatre, for providing the entertainment, and thus financing Humberside's second appearance in international sport.



Cadets

The Humberside Cadet Corps of 1928-9 proved to be one of the best in the city collegiates, both in strength (for one hundred and sixty-six boys enrolled) and in the precision with which it executed its manœuvres. After inspection, Colonel McCrimmon, the inspecting officer, told the boys that Humberside's was the best corps he had inspected up to that time. Mr. Devitt was complimented on having trained them so well, and it was most gratifying to him that in the last year of his command he had produced such a fine corps.

Cadet Corps Number 48

Humberside Collegiate Institute

Commanding Officer—King Clay

Second-in-command

Moffat Hancock

"A" Company

Captain—King Clay

Number 1 Platoon

Lieutenant—J. Hamilton

Sergeant—A. Campbell

Number 2 Platoon

Lieutenant—P. Barton

Sergeant—A. Schreiber

Corporals—J. Dorricot and C. Balmer

"B" Company

Captain—Moffat Hancock

Number 1 Platoon

Lieutenant—Gordon Turner

Sergeant—G. Avison

Number 2 Platoon

Lieutenant—W. Sievert

Sergeant—F. Morrill

Corporals—D. Potter and H. Wynn

Headquarters Staff

Frank Chambers—Adjutant

Chas. Gallow—Quartermaster

L. Stringer—Company Sergeant-Major

G. Belfry—Quartermaster-Sergeant

W. Kedwell—Staff Sergeant

Signalling Section

Lieutenant—Lawson Blake

Sergeant—Meredith Twible

Band

Lieutenant—Glen Brydson

Sergeants—Gordon Kerr and Stanley McKillop

An activity of the cadets which is not well-known in the school is the rifle shooting competition held during the winter months. In this branch of the work, Humberside also ranked high and upheld the honour brought to the school by teams of previous years.

Shooting Results

D.C.R.A. Winter Series 1929

Senior Average—87.88% 2nd class certificate.

Junior Average—85.51% 1st class certificate.

D.C.R.A. Medal Winners—Bruce Lackey, Bud Lendon and Ted Adamson.

Mason Shield Trophy Prize—Bruce Lackey, score 90%.

Mason Shield Trophy—Team-score, 76.5%.

Street Scene

Everyday people on an everyday street;
 Ever the patter of hurrying feet;
 Ever the noise of the chattering crowd,
 Hawkers and salesmen calling aloud.

—May Fryer, IV-A.



"THE HERMES"



The Annual "At-Home"

On the evening of February 7th, anyone glancing into the girls' gymnasium, would have been surprised at the transformations which had taken place. The great bare room was no more; the flying rings had disappeared, giving place to a roof of balloons. Palms took the place of pieces of apparatus. All was colour and light as the guests began to arrive and dance across the shining floor.

Jack Slatter and his Canadian Aces furnished music—old, new—slow, fast, ranging from woeful waltzes to frenzied fox-trots. At intervals

throughout the evening, novelties provided pleasant diversion from the continuous round of dances. During supper, Miss Phyllis Hancock, one of our present students, won the hearty applause of the onlookers by a charming novelty dance. Those who did not care to dance played cards in the Art Room, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion.

Both teachers and students look back on it as the most successful School Dance ever held, and one of the evenings most enjoyed in the school year.

Heroes

There is the old story of the man who, having risked his own life in saving that of a drowning child, afterwards said that he had done it because he felt it was his duty.

A hero! the press screams, but the hero remains unmoved; unstirred.

Many people are like that. Every day they pay just a little bit more than Life demands that they pay. Feeling it their duty, they are shocked when anyone mentions it to them.

Kind helpers, easing the way with

a smile or a word, soothing, restoring; these are the heroes of the world. Look around you and try to pick them out. They are hard to find—they are not marked and gleaming, but glow with a soft, warm light. When you have found one (and you may be sure it will be in the most unexpected place) don't clap him on the back. Bravo! No, my kind of hero will not enjoy that. Just appreciate him and he will be rewarded tenfold.

—*Harper, IV-B.*

Beauty

They say there's beauty
In the crimson dawn,
And when silvery even
Drifts across the lawn.

They say there's beauty
In a forest rill,
And the music of birds
Who softly trill.

But I found beauty
One dreary day,
In a dark little alley
Near a busy highway.

'Twas a dusty-faced daisy
Nodding her head,
And drifting to sleep
In her dark, green bed.

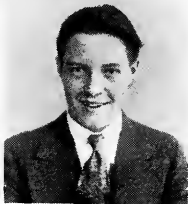
—*May Fryer, IV-A.*



"THE HERMES"



To be doing fifth form work in her fourth year at collegiate, as Nora Hodgins is doing, is in itself a phenomenal occurrence, but to be doing so with such remarkable success is an evidence of exceptional ability. She topped her fourth form record by winning the A. V. Brown Cup for History. Nothing less than a crown will satisfy Nora now.



This picture doesn't do justice to Doug. Bruce; he's much funnier than he looks. For the last two years Doug's been Humour Editor of the Hermes and seems to thrive on it. He says, "It's a great job if you don't weaken."

Fred Brown, generally known as "Brownie," has, for the past two years been Art Editor of the Hermes. This year he has joined the Senior Basketball Team and has proven a valuable member.



King Clay is the mainstay in the Cadet Corps in which he has served for three years. Trained in the Queen's Own Rifles, he rose last year from Sergeant-Major to Commanding Officer, and conducted the Officers' Training Corps unaided.

Bill Henning, although handicapped by an illustrious brother, has become very prominent in our school. He has done good work on the Hermes staff as form representative and advertising solicitor. On the resignation of the advertising manager in November, he took over the department and has handled it very capably.





Muriel Willard

On July 3rd, 1929, the tragic news of Muriel Willard's death reached the ears of a few of her closer Humber-side friends but it was not for some days, even weeks, after this date that the great majority of us heard the unhappy tidings. To all of us, the knowledge of her most untimely death came as a great shock.

It is common knowledge throughout Humber-side that Muriel Willard's future, particularly along literary lines, was one of great promise. During the short two years she had spent at Humber-side, she had already won a name for herself. But no matter how great the success with which her literary efforts might have been crowned, the fact still remains that

probably Muriel's chief contribution to the lives of those about her would have been her ability, which amounted almost to genius, for entertaining people. Possessed as she was with

an innate and very real sense of humour and a personality in which the highest aesthetic qualities and finest sportsmanship were combined, it is not at all difficult to see why Muriel was always so popular with her friends. Her character was a remarkable combination of friendliness and reticence, love of beauty and love of sport,



while her scholastic ability is unquestioned. Indeed, hers was a unique character, which has left an impression not soon to be erased from the minds of all who knew her.

*She's passed from out our midst and yet we cannot think her gone,
We know she lives a higher Life; her earthly work is done.
Though Heaven's gates may hide her now,
God's loving hand will guide her now,
Facing new worlds.*



The Hermes Staff of the Lower School appreciates to the fullest extent the work of the many Lower School students who gave their support and co-operation to help us produce a better Hermes. The form representatives deserve our thanks for their excellent work, as well as the others who aided us in our campaign by contributing the results of their best efforts in the way of stories, art and poems.

Unfortunately our allotted space was not sufficient for all the contributions received, so if your article was forced to give way to something slightly better don't become depressed

but start on your next original idea and hand it in, in order to make next year's Hermes surpass this one. You have no conception of the pleasure that is to be found in taking an interest in your school magazine until you have tried working for it.

Miss McPhail is to be especially thanked for all the time and energy she spent in encouraging us in our dull moments.

We hope that the readers of this year's Hermes will not omit our section when they are enjoying the work of the Middle and Upper School.

—Marguerite Tilley, II-C.

A Song of Winter

Though the bird flies far
And the fair flower goes,
The sweet of the year
Is set in the snows.

The wind o' the winter
Makes frost-flowers bloom,
And suddenly songs
Are sung in the gloom.

And winging hearts meet
And whisper together,
And all through the day
It is perfect weather.

—Irene Miller, II-G.



Revealed in an Old Habitant Inn

The snow, which had fallen incessantly during the day, gave way to a driving sleet that furiously lashed itself around the corners of the Beaver's Head Inn. Within the quaint old French-Canadian tavern the cronies seated about the fireside discussed old times between pipes of Tabac Canadien and hookers of Whisky Blanc. The bitter wind without penetrated even the heavy log walls and made old Jacques move his armchair closer to the hearth. The landlord arose from his accustomed seat by the fire and cast a huge log on the greedy flames. Unsuspected by the company, a man partly concealed in the shadows stole into the furthest corner of the room, as tramps were wont to do at the expense of the landlord's good nature. A deep and sullen silence had fallen on the group, broken only by the crackling of the logs and the rhythmic tick of the wig-wag clock.

The landlord shifted his position and drew from his hip pocket a great red handkerchief with which he blew his nose in all solemnity. "Bedad, me lads, is this a morgue? Faith and I'm thinkin' after drinkin' me wines all evenin' y'ud not be bung-tyd. Whaat ails ye, Jacques? Has the storm and me vintage throttled ye, too? How would a hooker of wheesky blanc strump a story?"

The individual thus addressed accepted the proffered hooker, quaffed it to the landlord's good health, and having stimulated the atmosphere with volumes of Tabac Canadien, he stared thoughtfully into the flickering flames and began to speak.

"It's long tam' ago. I'm purty healt'y fella, me; 'bout twenty year or so, beeg and strong, no care in de whol' worl', an' lookin' for de grand adventure. Purty soon I t'ink its tam' to geeve up de Courier-de-Bois beezness, plenty beeg tam' sure, but no monee, de place for me is in de wes' w'ere deres all de gol' in de worl' an' plenty more also. Bateese Trineau, a good frien' by me, t'ink de sam'. Bateese was de mos' bes' frien' I ever have. I s'pose den you're not very moche surprise w'en Bateese say to me, "Jacques, I have it all fix sure for de grand tour of de gol' rush on *Colombie Britannique*."

Here he paused to re-light his pipe; the figure in the corner stirred perceptibly.

"Well," continued Jacques, "we go on de gol' rush an' no sooner we reach dat place dan we start to work, an' work de harder dan you ever see two fella' work befor', making de beeg fortune sure for poor man lak' Bateese an' me.

"Tings go long all ri't for long tam', till one day Bateese say to me, 'Jacques, I t'ink its tam' for mak' de deposit wit' de gol' dus' in de bank'. I tell heem hees crazee on de head, for let dem feller in de bank get hol' our monee; w'en it's lot better off in de w'iskey bottles wid good cork in, onder de bunk in our leetle cabane w'ere its been dees las' two, t'ree year. But w'en Bateese tell me 'bout de t'ree persen' on de monee and de beeg chance for Indian fin' it w'en we're workin' in de reever, I t'ink its good idea to mak' de grand depositment. We t'ink deres 'bout two, t'ree



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t'ousand dollar in de bottles for de deposit, keepin' co'ple hondred dollar or lettler mor' for de grand hooraw on de village.

"Nex' morning Bateese get de bottles from un'er de bed an' we start to put it in ol' pair rubber boot, dat Bateese d'ont wear no mor' an' beside have two, t'ree hole on de toe. Mabee you t'ink de gol'-dus' run out. Non, Bateese soon fill dem hol' up wid piece of ol' shirt, dat was no good for not'ing. Bimeby he is all in de boots for sure an' we're off for de village, Bateese he carry one, and me, I carry de odder.

"Well, w'en we reach dat town de place depositment is close on de door wid Bateese an' me in de middle of dat street, an two boots of gol' dus' in our arm.

"Purty soon long come beeg man mus'—

"But dere ma frien's, I cannot tak' de tam' tonight for to tole you w'at trouble we have in dat town, how we meet dat fella in de street, go on de hotel, mak' de beeg hooraw wit' Whisky Blanc, an' loose all de monee in dat gam' w'at you call roulette. It is indeed a strange worl', comrades, an' some day I'll tole you for sure, 'bout our adventures in dat hotel, dat you may see for yourself, how easily it is for to be de poor man today, de rich man tonight, an' de poorest man on de 'hole worl' tomorrow.

"Wall, wid money all gone, an esprit also, its not fonnny ting we're homesick an' Bateese say to me, 'Jacques, I'm purty lonesome for de ol' folk, an' leetle habitant farm is plenty good 'nough for me, so, if you say, ma frien', it's hooraw for ol' Kebec.' Wit' just two gol' watch lef' an' leetle dus' on de poche, Bateese get coupl' fine Indian poney from w'at

you call de beeg Chief an' de nex' day we start to cross de beeg Rocky Mountain.

"Wall, everyt'ing go 'long fine for coupl' day w'en, w'at you t'ink, one of de pony go purty sick, an' I t'ink ba gosh he have w'at you call de consomption, I t'ink also de Indian geeve heem purty beeg ball lard to keep heem on hees feet. Wall, bimeby dat pony w'at you call kick de bucket, and begosh I'm nearly tak' de fit. Affer dat Bateese an' me tak' de turn on top of de pony we have lef', till we come by de leetle cabane near de nice leetle reever, w'ere we stop for de night.

"W'en Bateese hitch de pony to de handle of de outside door I tell heem hees Sapre fou', w'en dat pony be lot better off inside de cabane. Wall, 'bout t'ree, four nex' morning, we hear de beeger row dan you never hear befor' an w'en I pass on de outside door if deres anyt'ing lef' of dat pony you don't need for to blam' de wolves. Mus' be purty hongry to mak' de beeg mess lak' dat, an' I t'ink ba gosh, I could almos' eat dat pony mese'f an' not be satisfy.

"Affer dat I t'ink me 'bout de charm dat Pierre Leduc tol' me for to keep de wolves away w'en I'm leetle fella. So I tak' de beeg onion, cut heem t'ree tam wid de jack-knif' an hang him like de crape outside de door, an' den I go coucher wance more.

"It's only leetle w'ile w'en Bateese say to me, 'Jacques, do you hear dat noise?' I lis'en for two, t'ree minute an' say ba gosh it soun' lak' tonder. Bateese say 'Pardon, I'll be very moche surprise if it isn't de mountain coach'.

"So we pass on de outside door, an' sure 'nough long come dat coach nearly run right over Bateese, he get



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so excite, ronnin' an' jompin' lak' honder devil.

"Wall! ma frien's w'en dat driver fella' say 'Non, non, m'sieurs, I cannot tak' you on de coach for de reason dat I'm full to de top. Bateese get more excite dan ever an' swear he'll kill dat fella, if he don' tak' us wid heem.

"I tell you, ma frien's, dat coachman is purty smart man, for firs' t'ing we know, he say I'll toss de coin to see w'ich one will go wid me to de mission 'but feefty mile 'way to get two t'ree horse an' return encore. I'm not so sure 'bout dat idea, but Bateese say correc' right off, so de driverman toss de coin an' I win. Par Dieu, but I'm not very glad for leave ma' frien', but de coachman say its tres correc' an' he's leave leetle grub and plentee shot for de gun. So at wonce we shak' han' Bateese an' me, de driver climb upon hees box, crack de horses an' we're off for de mission. Le bon Dieu is de only wan dat know w'at happen to Bateese affer dat, for me I never see heem no more.

"For the love o' God," ejaculated the landlord, "Ye don't mean t'say ye didn't go back fer th' poor devil?"

Jacques' eyes filled with tears as he addressed himself to the landlord. "You see ma frien', it was dis way. W'en we're 'bout twenty mile or so from dat cabane, long come de beeger pack of Blackfeet dan I ever see before. Dey were on de grand hooraw, an' mak' de beeger mess of dat coach dan de wolves mak' of Bateese's pony. Dey cut de head off dat coachman an' de oders befor' deres tam' to t'ink. An' me, wall, dey look me over, feel ma beeg muscle, for you mus' know I'm still de young man, an' talk togedder for so long dat, ba gosh I

t'ink dey're all out of breat'. Den day ax me —"

"Crash," the table in the centre of the room overturned and a man staggered into the ring of astonished faces, an old-fashioned service pistol hung from his limp fingers.

"Jacques!" His voice shook with emotion.

"Bateese!" The old Courier-de-Bois came to his feet upsetting the arm-chair in his eagerness to grasp the other's hand. To his utter astonishment Bateese fell back a pace and refused to compromise.

"Non, non M'sieur, I cannot tak' your han' for de reason I am not deserve to be your frien'. W'en I come here tonight, I tak' de chair in de corner, sam' place I sit me t'irty year ago for de reason dat I'm very tire' on de long trip from de coas'. I sit back on de chair an' t'ink of de night we lef' for de gol' rush, of de monee we're mak', how we lose it on de hooraw, an' den I t'ink of de way you desert me in dat cabane waitin' t'rou' de long night for your return wid de horse. Ma blood boil w'en I t'ink of de way you leave me for de wolf to eat, an' den I laugh de bitter laugh w'en I t'ink of de day I fin' de gol' dus' un'er de floor of dat cabane hid by de ol' miner who die dere long tam' befor'. Wance more I grin me w'en I t'ink of 'nother day I fin' de leetle reever behin' de cabane runnin' away wid gol', more gol' in wan day dan we tak' t'ree year to mak' on de claim.

"So los' I am in de t'oughts of de pas', dat I don't notice me right off a voice dat was so dear wan tam'. But it's only leetle w'ile till I'm positif dat it's your voice, and I say to mese'f its tam' to mak' de grand revenge dat



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I've plan for many year. Wall, sir, I tak' de pistol from out ma poche, aim it to your head, an' I might tol' you if de Blackfeet hadn't made de beeg mess of dat coach w'en dey did, ba gosh, you'd be de dead man now for sure."

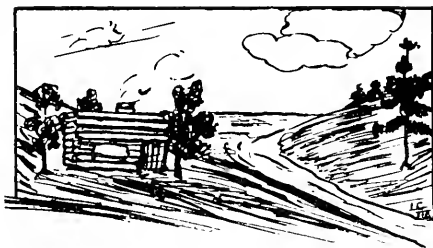
Thereupon Bateese held forth the gun which Jacques accepted, and, turning quickly to the door, flung it far out into the snow.

"Glory be to God!" expostulated the landlord. "Sure an' it does me heart good to see it so. In faith an' I wouldn't miss the endin' ev yer stories fur all the spirits in me casks,

fur by St. Patrick its not ivery night tales the like o' these are in the tellin'."

And so it happened that the landlord kept his inn open well on into the early hours of the next morning. It also transpired that he consumed far more wood in the hearth than was his thrifty wont, but it did his jolly heart good and amply repaid the loss of fuel and spirits, to witness two brave Courier-de-Bois who had been separated for years by the flipping of a coin in the Rockies, re-united by a glass of whisky blanc in a village inn of old Quebec.

—Jack Kelly, II-F.



The Night Before Exams.

'Twas the night 'fore exams, and we shivered and shook,
And dragged out the torn, forgotten old books;
The ones we'd discarded, so long, long ago,
When we had been happy, not thinking, you know,
Of exams and of failures, report cards, and oh—
The clock slowly ticked the minutes away;
And right there we sat turning night into day;
We tried to pretend we were clever and bright
And that our reports would turn out all right.
But strangely enough it just didn't go—
For down in our hearts "It just isn't so."
Why is it exams come so quickly around?
We hardly have time to get feet on the ground.
But cheer up, when it is all over I guess,
We'll be happy to know that it's just one test less.

—Dorothy Hunter, II-G.



A Hallowe'en Adventure

There is a lonely hill in Ireland covered with heather and green herbs. Under an old, stunted tree, half-way up the incline, lay a curly-haired shepherd lad, Terence by name. Behind him spread the dusky arc of the sky, lit here and there by tiny specks which were the stars. He was an imaginative boy, who had heard his grandmother tell many tales of "the little folk." The villagers had told him there was no truth in her stories, and he was torn between belief and disbelief. Musing on these things he fell asleep by the fire.

He was awakened by the restless movements and slight whines of his dog companion, Lad. He seemed to see all around him tiny folk, little men in tiny suits of green, accompanied by airy ladies in flowing dresses and borne on glistening wings of every colour of the rainbow. "Here is a mortal who does not know whether to believe in us or not," he heard them murmur to themselves. "He is at least not so cruel as the other members of the village who, not waiting to learn anything about us, have denounced us, thus greatly lessening our numbers."

He gathered that they had been summoned by a little elf who had found the sheep on their fairy ring, and, rather piqued, had come to find the cause of the disturbance. Discovering who the culprit was, they had changed their attitude from one of anger to one of pity. This boy evidently did not know what he was doing and wished to learn.

Astonished at their sudden appearance, Terence sat looking at them with wide-open mouth, while they undertook to tell him what and who they were.

"We are born in the spring when each tiny flower shows its head. We take care of the bud till it grows large and portion out its benefits to insects, animals and men; nectar for the honey-bee; food for the silkworm; and beauty for man. It is not fair of men to forget us, for there is a special fairy born for every person, and if he will not have us, we die," explained a little gnome in a dignified manner, quite comical in one so grotesque. "After the summer goes we fly south with the birds, and our brothers, the frost-fairies, coat all the wild fruit with a tiny film and paint the leaves with gaudy colours. When you see ferns and trees pictured on the window-pane, or landscapes, it is the fairies' promise that Spring will come again. "We do not always work, sometimes we play. That is why we are here today, but your sheep are on our fairy ring."

Hastening to remove the offending sheep, Terence awoke with a start to find the fairies gone. All that was left to remind him of their coming was a ring of flowers near his feet and the sun rising in all its splendour of rose and gold.

Terence watched the colours gradually fade, and, turning, strode down the hill, with a light heart and a happy belief in the "little folk."

—Jane Monteith, II-A.



A Fall of Fortune

"Oh, Helen, isn't it simply glorious?" The speaker was Sylvia Leighton, a slim girl of sixteen who was standing with her cousin, Helen Browne, at a window which overlooked one of the beautiful valleys found among the foothills of the Rockies.

"Isn't what glorious?" asked Helen, with a smile.

"The mountains, the valley, everything, of course! The very fact that you have invited me to spend a month of my vacation here!"

"Well, as you know, father had been reading of a hidden vein of gold somewhere in this locality and he at once decided to do a little prospecting by himself."

"What is the name of this district?" asked Sylvia.

"It is known as the 'Valley of Hope,' because gold had been found in the river-bed years ago. The story runs that a Frenchman came here and searched for this treasure but he was unsuccessful and finally in despair he threw himself off that rock." And Helen pointed to a large overhanging spur jutting out of the distant mountainside beneath which roared a turbulent torrent, frothing and leaping on its downward course.

Sylvia shuddered. "Is that true?" she asked.

"I don't know for certain," replied her cousin. "That is the story always told to visitors. But you look tired, Sylvia, I will show you to your room."

The next morning in the grey uncertain light that precedes dawn, Sylvia awoke. She slipped quietly out of bed and dressed, then leaving the cottage where the other occupants still

slept, made her way along a narrow mountain trail. At length she struck off from the regular route and came to a spot where she could command an expansive view of the surrounding countryside. A soft curtain of mist still hung over the valley, but across the rolling ground, which grew level as it stretched towards the eastward, day was beginning to break. A faint streak of colour appeared on the horizon. Gradually it deepened, and the dark blue sky grew flushed with rosy light. The fiery sun began its way across the clearing heavens, stretching out magic fingers which crusted jagged cliff and frowning precipice with gold, and caused the gossamer-like mists to flee into the distance. Steadily the sun climbed higher until all the little mountain flowers became visible as they nodded in the breeze.

"Oh, how magnificent!" murmured Sylvia with eyes aglow, and then realizing that her cousin would be searching for her, she reluctantly returned to the cottage.

The golden hours flew by all too swiftly, each day bringing forth some new delight. The girls sometimes fished in the stream which flowed through the valley, sometimes they packed a lunch and followed a new path along the mountain, and sometimes they accompanied Mr. Browne in his quest for gold, although as yet his efforts had been unsuccessful.

On the day before their departure, a last trip had been arranged to visit a prospector's camp situated in the mountains some miles from the cottage.

They started along the narrow trail



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which twisted and wound its way over steep ascents and along the edge of dangerous precipices until at length they reached their destination. After enjoying a good lunch they spent a few pleasant hours in photographing the wild but beautiful scenery in that vicinity and then commenced their return to the valley.

As their way led quite close to the enormous boulder from which the Frenchman had plunged to his death, they decided to stop for a few minutes to view the much-talked-of spot.

"I shouldn't like to fall down there," remarked Helen, as they peered over the edge of the huge rock.

Far below the rushing torrent cleft its way around the solid base of the mountain, and cruel teeth-like rocks protruded on all sides.

Helen shivered and drew back. "Come away," she urged.

Suddenly, without warning, the ground on which they stood began to move, and with a low, ominous rumble, the huge spur commenced to slide into the ravine below. Fortunately, Helen was able to spring to safety, but Sylvia, with a shriek of horror, realizing her terrible position, fell to the ground unconscious.

By some strange caprice of fate, the descending boulder was impeded in its downward course and caught on a projecting ledge many feet below.

On coming to her senses Sylvia looked around in bewilderment, then she glanced upwards as she heard her cousin's voice telling her to lie perfectly still until aid could be brought. After Helen had disappeared Sylvia collected her scattered thoughts and mentally reviewed her unfortunate predicament. As she dared not move closer to the edge of the rock or in any way attempt to discover exactly where she was, the hours seemed to creep slowly on, until the lengthening shadows indicated the approach of evening.

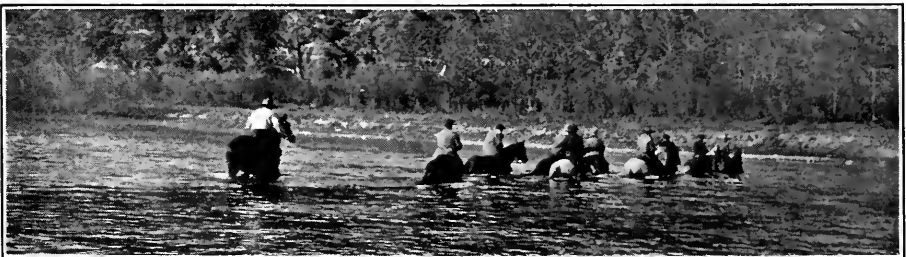
Just when she was about to despair of ever being rescued, she heard Helen's welcome shout, and in a short time she saw her uncle lowering himself over the face of the bluff. Then, with the aid of ropes, Sylvia was drawn back to safety and her friends.

Mr. Browne soon followed and as he came towards them, they were surprised at his delighted expression.

"Look!" he cried, pointing to the side of the cliff, "my quest has ended. There is the hidden vein of gold."

Sure enough, by a strange irony of fate, right beneath the spot from which the Frenchman had taken his fatal leap, there glittered the precious metal, exposed to view by the fortunate fall of the rock.

—Mary Denbeigh, *I-1*.





Treasures of the Red Deer River

Travel westward with me to Alberta; take a train to Drumheller, and you will reach a spot, the fame of which has spread beyond the confines of our own country. The importance of the Red Deer River, a tributary of the South Saskatchewan, lies, not in its commercial value, but in its coal mines and its scientific products. As a waterway, it is of no value at all, for it is too shallow to float any but the smaller boats, although in some places it is three hundred yards wide. Near Morrin, Alberta, the cable ferry has sometimes to be poled across, but only in dry seasons. The river is quite swift, and in places, where the bottom has not yet been touched, there are dangerous under-currents.

The cut-banks of the river are about two hundred feet high, and they abound in quicksands and "soap-holes." These are cave-like openings with wet "soap" at the bottom, and they are more treacherous and dangerous than the quicksands.

Most of the Alberta coal which finds its way to Ontario comes from the Red Deer River Valley near Drumheller. The coal is found quite near the surface—sometimes above the ground. The methods of mining are not so advanced as those in large mines, and up the river, where people dig their own coal, they use only the pick and shovel.

Rarer than the coal, however, are the dinosaurs that have been found in this district by Professor Sternberg, locally known as the "bone-digger." Near Morrin, he discovered two of his largest and best specimens, one of which is now in New York—the other

in Toronto Museum. These huge skeletons were almost complete—they were found just where the animals had lain down to die, on the sheltered side of the cut-banks. The bones were all well preserved, and comparatively near the surface of the ground.

Besides those of the dinosaurs, there are other petrified bones, some of which seem to belong to no known animals and which are scattered so widely that they cannot be collected. They are peculiar in their structure and colour, and hardly resemble bones.

Even more fascinating is the petrified wood, almost covered with a glossy substance as hard as the wood itself. Some pieces are white or yellow and sparkling, with smooth milky blue or white material underneath. Others have only the smooth covering of white and blue, making delicate twisted patterns. The wood itself is striped with blue and green, but no two pieces are alike. It is easily found along the banks, where it is loosely strewn on the ground.

The dainty shells, white and heart-shaped, adhere so firmly to the rock that it is difficult to get them unbroken. Others, something like oyster shells, are found in the river itself. These open on a hinge at one side, but nothing has been found in them. They are white, grey, tan and black, in irregular stripes. They are not so common as the petrified shells and seem comparatively fresh and new.

No tourist travelling in Alberta should pass by these interesting fossils which have brought fame to the Valley of the Red Deer River.

—Mary Mills, I-B.



The Hollinger Mine

A quarter of a century ago the mineral lands of Northern Ontario lay unmolested. Until 1909, when Benny Hollinger borrowed money to furnish himself with equipment for prospecting and forced his way northward, the people looked upon the country as being too rocky to show any profit for excavating the fold that might be in those huge boulders.

The ore on Hollinger's staking, which made him famous in Canada's mining history, proved to be of the best quality. The production mounted each year until a great catastrophe swept over the north in 1911. It took the form of an enormous bush-fire, and as the Hollinger stood in the centre of a forest belt, every building was swept out. The immense cost of reorganizing the work of the mine set them back so far that for several years they made little headway. Eventually the mine was put into working order and modern structures replaced the old wooden buildings. Now, the Hollinger is pointed out as being one of the best equipped producers.

Benny Hollinger did not live to see the fulfilment of his dreams. After several years of hard toil he sold his share of the claims for a comparatively small sum and died soon after.

The mine now employs two thousand four hundred men, the majority of whom work underground. They are equipped with waterproof hats and coats and long rubber boots. Small miners' lamps, attached to their cap-bands, complete the uniform. The miners are lowered beneath the surface in large wood and iron cages, similar to huge boxes. These eleva-

tors are worked by an electric system in the hoist-house. From this little flat-roofed house two large cables extend to the top of an immense shaft and then downward inside of the building where they are attached to the cage.

Owing to the lack of air underground the compressive air plant is working continually to keep the temperature at a certain degree and protect the miners from the danger of escaping gas.

On being dropped into the depths of the earth, a sickening breath of warm air will greet the visitor, and upon looking around he will find himself in a disagreeably dark place filled with eerie noises.

The low rumbling thuds, often heard on the surface, tell the ground men that a blast has passed off successfully underground. When a tunnel has been dug out after an explosion, the men set to work, sometimes knee-deep in poisonous water, to excavate the ore which is piled into iron cars and dragged by a miniature engine over part of the one hundred and ten miles of underground railway to the cages.

Having once reached the surface the rock is sent to the "crusher," where it is ground into small pieces. Iron buckets run on a railway built from the top of the crusher to the "mill," and carry the ore to this building so that the mineral may be taken from the ordinary rock. Often small quantities of copper, silver or some other ore is found mixed with the gold. In the mill, this, too, is separated from the mineral which is sent to the



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"refinery." Twice a week the visitors are allowed by special permission to see the gold go through the flowing process caused by heating. It flows as a red hot liquid into iron pans, and when it has cooled, emerges as a solid block. In the "stamper" the Hollinger seal is pressed upon it and the gold is ready for shipment to almost any part of the world.

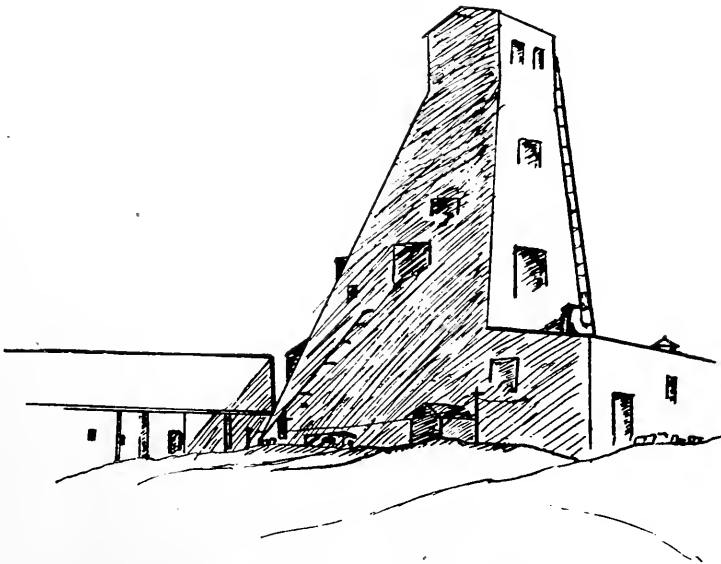
The Hollinger has extended her search for mineral wealth into the newly-prospected lands of Kamiscotia, some twenty miles northwest of Timmins, and holds high hopes of discovering a rich vein in this area.

With all this important work going on in the Hollinger, the mining region is not devoid of beauty spots. Whether you drive in from Timmins or arrive by train from North Bay, you will not fail to see the beautiful coloured fountain in front of the office building,

which marks the main entrance to the mine. In the centre of a circular garden a well-polished but exceedingly old piece of machinery stands in solitary glory. It is the first stamper ever used in the Hollinger. The tennis courts are situated farther along a circling road which leads to the beautiful homes of Alexander Brigham, general manager, and of John Knox, assistant manager, of the Hollinger.

Many men are kept happy by employment; the mine brings in countless riches to the Dominion annually; and the officials expect that for the next fifteen or twenty years the Hollinger will continue to produce the equivalent to the one hundred and forty millions in gold which she has brought to Canada in the past.

—M. Tilly, II-C.





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A Memorable Day

THIS memorable day was spent in the central mountains of Formosa. Japan, where live the savage tribes of that island.

The first stage of our trip is taken in rickshaws. Then we travel in a small train, passing sugar cane and rice fields. Gradually the country rises in terraces, till we arrive at a small station in the foothills. Out of courtesy two Japanese policemen accompany us from here on and act as guides.

A few minutes' walk brings us to the Japanese Inn. It is a square, frame building with a thatched roof and a narrow verandah on all sides. There are three main rooms. Their floors are covered with finely woven grass mattresses, approximately two inches thick, called "tatami." These rooms are seemingly empty, and have sliding doors on three sides. The other sides are given over to large cupboards with sliding doors. We shall later learn of their use. The three rooms are easily made into one large room by sliding back the partitions.

Before stepping up on to the raised floors, we take off our shoes. A polite little Japanese maid, dressed in a dainty kimono comes to wait on us, and greets us with a low, gracious bow. First she goes to the cupboards and pulls out large, rather flat, square cushions for us to sit on. Then she brings in some small low tables not a foot high. She serves us with little cups of hot tea which is very refreshing.

After our noon meal we walk to the push-car tracks, and here begins the most enjoyable part of our trip. Here we see push cars lined up ready to start, a coolie by each one. The push-car runs on narrow tracks, the rails being two feet apart. They are low, flat cars with a post at each corner and an upturned box in the middle. Two people can sit on this box quite comfortably.

Wide pith hats are necessary to protect one from the tropical sun, so when everyone is seated and umbrellas are hoisted the coolies commence pushing the cars. When we are travelling at a fair speed they stand on the back, holding on to a post and pushing with one foot. Shooting down valleys is one of the most exciting rides I know, very much like the roller-boller coaster at an exhibition. But going uphill pays for the fun of coasting, for it is very slow, and sometimes we have to get out and walk to the top.

Magnificent scenery surrounds us all the way. Over there is a deep gorge, where rushes a river full of falls and rapids. Along its banks grow tall ferns of all tropical varieties. Farther up grow beautiful trees and shrubs of vivid green shades. On all sides tower the high peaks. Some are covered with tall, waving grass several feet high, in the shape of domes. Others are bare, from landslides, except for short grass in some places. Some mountains are deeply hollowed, suggesting extinct volcanoes. Everywhere is the dense, rich growth of plants. Sometimes when we look below we see little clearings with



"THE HERMES"



patches of brown, indicating thatched roofs and small patches of millet and sweet potatoes. Here and there, long suspension bridges swing across gaping gullies.

In this territory live the subdued savages who have been taught to farm on a small scale under Japanese instruction.

Four hours' ride brings us to our destination, Mt. Kapanzan. We reach the village about five o'clock. The savages rush out to greet us, overcome with curiosity at our strange appearance. We stare at them and they stare at us.

The dress of the savages is very interesting. All their clothing is woven from hemp on small hand-loom, and brilliantly coloured. Some wear large, square pieces of cloth caught at two corners over one shoulder. Some of the women wear long trousers and long top tunics. The men, warriors and hunters, wear short, open tunics and girdles that hold their swords. The children wear little clothing, and some none at all. All are adorned with many kinds of bracelets, anklets and necklaces made out of beads, teeth, seeds, bone and shells. The head-dress of the women consists of a long strip of cloth wound round the head like a turban. The men wear woven skull-caps made from rattan, or a band holding some bright coloured feathers. One prominent feature of their headgear is enormous ear-rings. They are not really ear-rings at all, but bamboo sticks as thick as one's finger, and about five inches long, with tufts of brightly coloured wool in each end. The faces of all

the men and women are tattooed with the tribal marks. Some have marks on the forehead and chin, others have fan-like patterns on their cheeks.

We visit various huts, one owned by the savage chief. It is a thatched dwelling, and we step down on entering, as the floor is below the level of the ground. The inside is dark and gloomy. It gives us a creepy feeling to look at the skulls ranged on shelves. The only furniture within is bamboo frames spread with mats for beds, and earthen pots and jars. Hanging around the walls are weapons of hunters and warriors. The fire is built in the middle of the room on the mud floor. There are neither stoves nor chimneys, so the smoke finds its way out as best it can, through a hole in the roof. The food is cooked in pots hung on poles over the fire.

These tribes live on millet, fish from the mountain streams, and wild game, such as deer, wild boar, and various kinds of birds.

Very hungry and pleasantly tired we return to the Inn for our evening meal. And now to bed on the floor! Again the maid makes use of the cupboards by pulling out mattresses and quilts which are spread on the floor. Again she pulls out something, this time a huge mosquito net, stretching to the four corners of the room. If this net were omitted we would not be able to sleep all night, because of the buzzing, biting, tormenting insects.

Thus closed a never-to-be-forgotten day. We had seen some of the rarest people on earth in their native, primitive surroundings.

—Katherine MacLeod, I-A.



Dunfermline

*"The king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine."*

Let me tell you two or three things about Dunfermline—that beautiful town in Fifeshire. Dunfermline is the birthplace of the famous Andrew Carnegie. Among his many generous gifts was the presentation of Yitencrief Park to the town of Dunfermline. In the centre of the park there is a glen, through which a small stream runs, adding to the beauty of its surroundings. Many interesting things may be seen in the glen, such as various species of beautiful birds. The flower gardens also add to the charm of this park. Because of its beauty the park is visited by many people every year.

Carnegie, moreover, gave one million pounds to the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust. They might use the interest of this money in any way they wished, but they were not to use the principal. In order to use this money, the Trust engaged the finest musicians in the country to form a professional Reed Band which plays in the park

twice a day during the summer months. Other bandmasters were engaged to train bands to play in the other parks of the town as well. When the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust was formed twenty-five years ago, a school of music was instituted. Mr. David Stephen, the man who was private organist to Andrew Carnegie in Seibo Castle, was elected as the first principal of this school. Under his guidance it has produced some very fine musicians.

One of the most important things in Dunfermline is Dunfermline Abbey. Here we find the tomb of King Robert the Bruce underneath the pulpit. The Tower of this Abbey has four sides, on which is written "King Robert the Bruce." Climb a winding stairway to reach the tower, and you have an excellent view of the surrounding country. Even the Forth Bridge on the Firth of Forth may be seen. Let me assure it would be very interesting for you to visit the town famous in the days of Sir Patrick Spens.

—Alex Foster, I-E.

It's a Hermes you desire,
When you're blue,

It's a Hermes your require,
When you're blue;

It is full of laughs
And sports,

If you're feeling out of sorts.

Dock your mind at Hermes Ports,
When you're blue.

—Marjorie Watson, I-B.



The Laurentides.



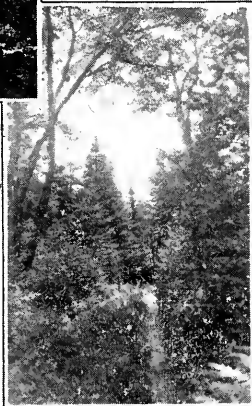
Montmorency Falls.



Beautiful Lake Beauport.



The Milk Cart.



A Mountain Road.



Champlain.



Old City Streets.



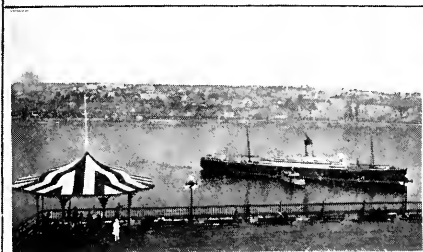
The Broad St. Lawrence.



The Terrace.



On the River.



Looking toward Levis.



Heralds of Spring

'The crocus awoke to find the sun was up,
'The dew fell softly on the buttercup;
'The violet lifted her sweet modest head,
And rose from out her cold, damp winter's bed.

The meadow-lark flew to the sun-dipped sky,
His song swelled as he swiftly soared on high.
The fairy clouds came out to hear him sing,
All earth awoke to find that it was spring.

A soft green tinge crept over dales and hills,
Through them babbled the streamlets and the rills.
The trees spread forth their burdens of green leaves,
The moss crept softly o'er the ice-freed eaves.

Through earth and sky the spring flew swiftly by,
The sun shone, from his haven in the sky,
And through the earth a delicate, misty cloak,
Renewed life spread and sleeping things awoke.

—*Ruth Liss, I-E.*

At Dusk

The sun is set, the day is gone.
The moon and stars appear.
Small clouds are coming one by one,
For night is drawing near.

Dusk settles o'er the laughing brook,
That sang all the weary day;
And the little flowers in the quiet nook
Have closed till the first sun-ray.

The Whippoorwill is calling at twilight,
In the trees by the laughing brook,
And the sunbeams fade at the sight of night,
So cast one long, last look.

Dusk o'er the hills and meadows falls,
O'er the ocean, wide and deep;
And Mother West Wind comes and call,
To bid her children sleep.

—*Audrey Tipton, II-G.*



Another year has rolled by revealing more tales of athletic achievement. Since the last *Hermes* was published, the Humberside boys have won the senior basketball, the junior hockey, and the indoor and outdoor track and field championships. Such statements have become so commonplace at our school that perhaps the students fail to grasp the significance of these accomplishments. A championship team must, of necessity, have excellent co-operative material, good coaching, and a fighting spirit, which is most apt to lag at the absence of support.

Our attention was drawn to this question of support by a letter from one of Humberside's outstanding athletes. He is wondering if the students are not taking their responsibilities a little too lightly. (We consider it the responsibility of every Humbersider to make an effort to attend at least the home-games). Out of curiosity, he perused the records of three or four years ago, and found that the attendance at basketball and hockey games was much greater then than at present. Thus it seems that perhaps the pupils are letting outside attractions interfere with their interest in our sports activities.

In each of the last four years, Humberside has won at least two city championships. This speaks well for the organization of our athletics. There are men on the staff who willingly give a great deal of their time in this cause. Mr. R. F. McLellan spends the fall months coaching the junior rugby team. As soon as the season ends, he calls a hockey practice and passes a busy winter coaching the junior and senior teams, and, when the track dries up in the spring, he has charge of all the track and field activities. He is also secretary of the Toronto High School Athletic Association. Such a man would prove invaluable to any collegiate. Mr. C. S. Patterson, the efficient new teacher and coach, is handling the senior rugby team and both boys' basketball teams. He has quickly adjusted himself to his new position and is making a success of it. One of the most faithful of men is our quiet, unassuming Mr. J. T. Norris, who has the well-nigh thankless task of coaching and managing the fine but unsupported soccer teams. Although little is heard of them, his boys continue to battle away, always making a creditable showing in the soccer league. In Mr. L. K. Devitt, who in times past has coached many a championship team in rugby, basketball and hockey, we have a most willing utility man. Although he has retired from many of his sporting capacities, he is still our official optimist. He has also retained contact through the midget rugby team. For several years Mr. E. C. McQuarrie has faithfully and accurately handled our finances. Although of Scotch descent, he judiciously and generously disburses our funds. These are the main reasons why Humberside has a great athletic reputation. They are the best of men and we are proud of them.

—Gordon H. Turner.

Senior Rugby

Under the able guidance of the new coach, Mr. Patterson, Humberside's senior rugby team this year came from behind to win first place in the western section of the High School Rugby League.

The seniors easily defeated Harbord in the first game of the season by 28-2, but, in view of the fact that Harbord had assembled its team very hurriedly, this result was only to be expected.

The second game, however, was played against Oakwood with disastrous results. Oakwood began to score soon after the kick-off, and from then on tallied at regular intervals throughout the whole game. They amassed twenty points. On the other hand, Humberside played good rugby only in fits and starts. During one of the fits, Kedwell scored a touchdown, and due to one of the starts, Loughheed was close enough to the line to kick for a point, giving Humberside a total of seven. This was certainly an "off" day, and it nearly destroyed the team's chances for a good position in the group standing.

When Humberside met Parkdale the following week, it was with the determination to do or die, for their opponents were undefeated group leaders. The ensuing battle was the hardest-fought game of the season, and it was with great rejoicing and even surprise that Humberside emerged victorious by a 14-2 score. This success gave the players heart to prepare themselves for the colossal task of beating the powerful undefeated Bloor team in their next engagement.

It happened that Bloor was expecting (perhaps justly) a "soft" game, and when Humberside had the audacity to score a touchdown within the first few minutes of play, the shock so befuddled the brains of the Bloor players that they seemed powerless to check the "garnet" attacks. The game resulted in a 22-4 trouncing for Bloor. Thus, with one scheduled game yet to be played, Parkdale, Bloor, and Humberside were tied for first place.



SENIOR RUGBY

B. Powell, A. Deans, A. Tutty, Mr. Patterson, F. Bignall, C. Colition, G. Watson,
D. Still, J. Bernard, J. Smith, A. Schreiber, F. Patterson, G. Turner, J. Boyd, W. Reid
(Absent)—K. Cope, Wm. Leachman, B. Loughheed, A. Blacklock.

Central Commerce defaulted to Humberside and Parkdale outscored Bloor. This meant that Parkdale and Humberside must play off to decide the group championship. The game was a replica of their previous encounter. Parkdale showed no evidence of their slightly crippled condition and succumbed to the garnet, grey, and white team with tenacious reluctance. Humberside was made to fight for every inch, and every point they scored was a hard-earned, highly gratifying point. The score was 9-1.

North Toronto met us in the semi-final game, at Oakwood Stadium. In the first part of the game, Humberside kept North Toronto bottled up in their own half of the field, but just when the team had reached a scoring position, off-sides, or interference over the three-yard line, or a forward pass, would lose ten yards and offset this advantage. Thus it was that we scored only one point in the first half. North Toronto, on the other hand, finally broke away, kicked two points, and scored a touchdown when they picked up a loose ball. From then on, Humberside tried desperately to tie the score, but, at the critical moments, when a touchdown seemed imminent, a misplay, a fumble, or blunder of some description would give North Toronto possession and ease the pressure. Near the end of the game, Campbell (a junior player) scored three points on a placement kick, but this was not enough, and the brilliant North Toronto team eliminated our seniors, by a 7-4 score.

Snap—Powell, a good snap and defensive player, could, when necessary, plunge and play any line position capably.

Insides—Schrieber, although eligible for the juniors, made a fine senior inside. He was always in his place, grimly breaking up all the plays that came his way.

Deans was a hard worker, whose outstanding principle was to make interference. In doing this he was very effective, for he hit all and sundry like a ton of bricks.

Tutty was an inexperienced player, but, before the season ended, he was making smooth interference and playing his position very well.

Blacklock lacked experience but not spirit and he soon became a useful man.

Middles—Watson was the most effective tackler, plunger and line-man on the team. If you have seen him play, you will admit the truth of that statement. Bignall was a hard, speedy plunger with lots of "pep" and experience.

Watch Reid! With no previous experience, he turned out late in the season and surprised everyone with his tackling and plunging.

Outsides—"Kenny" Cope was a sure tackler, a hard fighter, and a true, inspiring captain.

Still knew what to do and when to do it. He brought them down without fear or favour.

Smith was a steady tackler and a sure drop kicker. He will be useful to next year's team.

Despite his weight, Carson tackled hard and low with telling effect.

Bernard, a newcomer to the game, was improving steadily.

Quarter—Turner, a graduate from the juniors, guided the team safely through the season.

Flying Wings—The long kicks of Loughheed drove the opposition back and accounted for many of Humberside's points.

Boyd was a fast ball-carrier, a hard tackler and one of the greatest workers on the team.

Coliton had a general all-round ability which made him a very useful relief man.

Halves—Leachman, the fastest man of the squad, was a tricky, weavy runner. He made a great offensive threat, for, once away, he took a lot of catching.

In his first year at rugby, Patterson paired with Leachman to form what was probably the fastest half-line in the city. His easy deceptive style was a worry to tacklers and his speed in the open field was a revelation.

Junior Rugby

Although not semi-finalists, Mr. McLellan's junior rugby team should be commended on its season's record, its good sportsmanship and its clean, dashing style of play.

The season was opened by a game with Western Tech. on a slippery, wet field at Hampden Park. The players were having their first game together and they did well to score eight points and to hold the hard-fighting Western Tech. boys scoreless.

In the second game, Humberside showed its strength when it fought the scrappy Harbord team "toe to toe," took advantage of the "breaks," and downed its speedy, much-heralded rivals by 12-4.

Oakwood provided the opposition in their next encounter and proved to be too heavy and experienced for the plucky Humbersiders. Hopes were high, in the early part of the game, when Stuart raced for a touchdown, but the advantage was short-lived and they had to submit to an 18-6 defeat at the hands of the champions.

The following week the juniors met Parkdale, and a merry battle it turned out to be. The play see-sawed back and forth, featured by long end-runs and intercepted forward passes. Humberside, nevertheless, managed to hold the edge throughout, and earned a victory in one of the closest, snappiest junior games of the year. The score was 14-11.

The next game was with Bloor. The garnet, grey, and white not only held the maroon and gold but barely lost some fine chances to score. At half-time, Humberside was only a few yards from the Bloor line. In the last part of the game, the juniors broke loose, paraded up the field and scored a touchdown, only to find that they were one point behind when the game ended.

Just one point kept the team out of the play-offs, and there was keen disappointment at this defeat.

The last game was played in the troubled waters of Hampden Park, against Commerce. At this regatta our boys displayed a superior brand of water-polo, but otherwise the game was uneventful and Humberside beat Commerce by 10-0.

Humberside's future senior teams should not lack material. Wallace, Thompson, and Campbell have already been used on the seniors, and there still remains a wealth of good material in Grant, Sisson, Stewart, Gallow, and Higgins.



JUNIOR RUGBY

C. Quarrington, B. Marlow, J. Shea, R. Allen, D. Harris, Mr. McLellan, H. Sisson,
W. Lord, A. Thompson, J. Stewart, G. Keast, R. Grant, C. Gallow, W. Wallace, A. Campbell,
J. McConvey.
(Absent) H. Higgins, J. Hackney, C. McLellan.

Midget Rugby

Last fall, for the first time in Humberside's history, a midget rugby team was formed. The team was organized and coached by Mr. Devitt, who was very eager that the school should be well represented. Although a real schedule was not drawn up a series of well-contested games was played with various schools. The playing of these smaller boys showed that they had the real Humberside spirit.

The first game was with U.T.S. At the end of the first half it looked as though Humberside was not even going to see their opponents' goal line. However, in the last quarter McGee grabbed one of their passes and raced for a touchdown. The game ended with Humberside on the short end of a 6 to 5 score. Later, Humberside played with Central Commerce. Both teams fought "tooth and nail" throughout and at the end of full time neither team had been able to score. The Midgets next played Bloor at Trinity Park. Bloor had the bigger team but even with that advantage she could make no headway against the fighting little midgets from Humberside. However, near the end of the last quarter, Bloor got the breaks and scored the only point of the game on a kick to the deadline. Two weeks later Humberside closed the season with a game against Harbord at High Park. Although Humberside had the better coached team she could make no headway until the last quarter and even then, although having many opportunities, was able to score only one point to even the count.



SENIOR SOCCER

A. Murrell-Wright, P. Partington, A. Goodwin, S. James, T. Partington, A. Speare,
L. Ellis, G. Avison, N. Cummings, Mr. Norris, S. Sherman, J. Wagar, F. Evans.

Senior Soccer

Humberside's seniors opened the season with their old rivals Oakwood. We appeared to have the edge on the play, but got the short end of the score. Ellis, Goodwin, and Sherman accounted for our goals. Oakwood, 5; Humberside, 3.

The second game proved another setback for the Humberside eleven when they met Western Tech. By their long kicks, Wright and Partington stopped many dangerous rushes. The Humberside outfit seemed to lack punch and were forced to accept another close decision. Western Tech., 1; Humberside, 0.

At High Park, Humberside turned the tables on Harbord, the league leaders. Art Speare counted twice on good individual efforts. The other goal of the game went to Stan Sherman in the first few minutes of play. Evans, Avison, and Partington played good football on the half-line. Humberside, 3; Harbord, 0.

The result of the Humberside-Bloor clash was a draw. "Casey" Delahay, in goal, made some marvelous saves. Stan. Sherman scored a beautiful goal on a penalty but Bloor quickly added two goals to finish the scoring for the first half. Near the end of the game, Arnott Goodwin tied the score from a difficult angle.

Parkdale dropped out of the league and Humberside were awarded two points.

The team put up a good season's fight under the fine coaching of Mr. Norris.

Junior Soccer

This year, many soccer aspirants turned out. After careful consideration, Mr. Norris picked the team and drilled them for the first game with Parkdale.

We won this game easily by 3-0.

Our next game was with Bloor at Willowvale Park. That game was easy for us, too, and the score was 3-1.

The team faced a stronger aggregation when they met Oakwood at Earls court Park. Playing in a heavy wind, we were held to a tie, 2-2.

We met our first reverse when we lost to Central Commerce by 5-1. Humberside got the first goal but Commerce tightened up and scored five points.

Then we lost to Harbord at High Park by 2-0. We made many pressing attacks on Harbord's goal but were unable to score.

The forward line, Scorrer, Nichols, Archbold, Roseborough, and Hunter combined well and received excellent support from the half-backs Pake, Sanders, and Acheson. Tufts and McLean fed the forwards well, while Ellison, in goal, was hard to get past.



JUNIOR SOCCER

J. Acheson, V. McEwen, R. Pake, L. Rowntree,
C. McLean, N. Armstrong, Mr. Norris, J. Tuft, F. Cresswell,
B. Winters, D. Saunders, J. Nichols, C. Scorrer, J. Rosevere, J. Hunter, G. Archbold.



SENIOR HOCKEY

G. Watson, D. Still, Mr. McLellan, K. McNichol, W. Sherring,
B. Coliton, B. Loughheed, A. Speare, B. Lackey, B. McMillan.

Senior Hockey

In spite of the various inroads made by outside clubs into Humberside's supply of players, Mr. McLellan was able to gather together a formidable aggregation, a team of which the school can be justly proud. We were fortunate in retaining Art Speare and Bill Coliton, two of last year's seniors, whose motto is "Say it with hockey sticks."

The goal-tending duties were ably looked after by Billy McMillan. Jack Smith proved to be a capable sub-goalkeeper. The defence positions fell to the lot of Don Still and George Watson, who, although playing together for the first time, were able to stop the oncoming players. Art Speare, with his great poke check and powerful skating, was flanked by Bruce Lackey and Bill Coliton. This trio performed with amazing symmetry on the attack and was always a source of worry to the opposing teams. The persistent second-string forwards had King McNichol with his deceptive weaving rushes, Walter Sherring and Bill Loughheed, who was later replaced by Jack Tackaberry.

First Game—Humberside were very lucky to eke out a close victory over their Parkdale rivals 2-1.

Second Game—Western Tech. sprang a surprise by defeating the garnet, grey, and white team to the tune of 4-1.

Third Game—Bloor, who were still stinging from a loss at the hands of Parkdale the week before, were out to take revenge on Humberside, but the game ended in a tie, 3-3.

Fourth Game—The second game with Parkdale proved to be a real thriller, and after scoring the first two goals, Humberside weakened and allowed Parkdale to run in two goals for another tie game.

Junior Hockey

At the first of the season, the junior hockey enthusiasts felt that the prospects for the year were by no means rosy, because, except for two positions, an entirely new team had to be chosen. Many aspirants turned out and the gaps have been filled. Under the able coaching of Mr. McLellan, the team has made four straight victories.

In the first encounter we opposed Oakwood, and after a loose game succeeded in defeating them 8-5.

The second fixture was more exciting but Parkdale was easily defeated 3-1. These victories gave our players more confidence.



JUNIOR HOCKEY—CITY CHAMPIONS

J. McConvey, G. Mills, Mr. McLellan, J. Acheson, B. Patterson,
O. Osborne, J. Shea, A. Campbell, J. Stewart, G. Leachman.

Bloor juniors suffered their first defeat when they met us at their grounds. The game was roughly contested but we managed to outscore them 4-1.

The second round of the schedule began when we played Parkdale. As a result of better combination, we trimmed them 7-0.

Johnny Acheson at centre was one of the best stick-handlers on the team, and also tended to speed up the play; "June" Mills was always counted on for packing a terrific shot from right wing while Jimmy Stuart broke up many rushes at left wing. On the other line, "Mickey" McConvey was noted for his wonderful poke-check in the centre-ice position; Jack Shea and Orville Osborne, with McConvey, were responsible for most of the goals. Bert Patterson, whose playing was always of the best, and Allan Campbell, the iron barricade, combined well on defence. Last but not least is our goalkeeper, Graham Leachman, for whom our opponents have already acquired a whole-some respect.

Senior Basketball

With the T. L. Church cup, emblematic of the Senior Basketball championship of Toronto, safely stored in our case, and with four of last year's championship team ready for action, Humberside's prospects of repeating their record of 1929 seemed very bright. But Lady Luck is very fickle, so much so that in spite of the fine coaching by Mr. Patterson, and the hard training done by the team, some other school than Humberside is destined to hold the cup for the year 1929-1930.

We played our first game on the second day after school started in Oakwood's cramped gymnasium. In the first half it was hard for our boys to get going. Meanwhile Oakwood was displaying some fine combination and accurate shooting and at half-time was at the long end of a 23-5 score. However, in the second period Humberside became more acclimatized and held the Oakwood team even. Final score, 33-15.

With this defeat hanging heavily on their shoulders the Humberside squad decided to "do or die" in their next engagement! They did, and Parkdale, the opposing team, was easily downed to the tune of 29-9. The game was slow with occasional bursts of speed, Humberside displaying some fine combination.

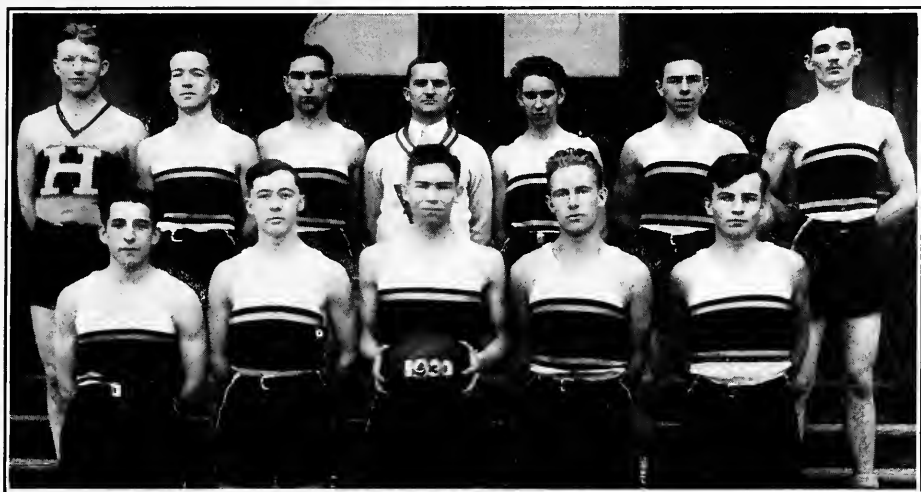
Bloor, our next opponents, proved to be another stumbling block. Starting with a rush, both teams forged ahead and at half-time the score was 10-10. During the second half, the lead see-sawed back and forth and with three minutes to play Bloor led by two points. Humberside's hopes of tying the score were high, but they were suddenly dashed to the ground when Bloor scored three baskets in quick succession. The Humberside squad fought back but the final whistle blew giving Bloor a well-earned victory.

However, in the next game the team made up for the Bloor setback by decisively defeating Western Tech.-Commerce in a poor exhibition of basketball on their slippery floor.

Humberside next played host to the Oakwood quintet. In the first twenty minutes Oakwood piled up a nine-point lead. But in the second period the garnet, grey, and white lads came to life and were soon within a few points of their opponents. Then Humberside threw her five men on the offensive and peppered the basket with shots. But in vain! The game ended with the score Oakwood 25, Humberside 21.

Aside from the regular schedule, Humberside played several exhibition games. The most important of these was the Old Boys' game. The Old Boys had a strong aggregation, including such well-known players as "Bus" Haugh and Jack Roberts. The game was fast and exciting and after a titanic struggle the Old Boys emerged victorious by one point. Score: Old Boys 26, Humberside 25.

With only two games left to play, at the time of writing, the season is practically over. It has been an interesting series which the players have enjoyed with Mr. Patterson as coach and Frank Patterson as captain.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

R. Simpson, A. Tutty, C. Delahey, Mr. Patterson, V. Faulkner, K. Wilson, B. Powell,
S. Axmith, B. Miller, F. Patterson, G. Turner, F. Brown.

Junior Basketball

The junior basketball team presented a well-balanced aggregation which was far up among the league's best. Stringer, Culiner, Gallow, and Higgins were very effective forwards, and the defence, made up of Sisson and Espie (captain) was very steady.

Humberside at Oakwood—Humberside started the season at Oakwood in a fast, exciting game. At half-time the score was 8-6. However, in the second half the team came back and added twelve points to Oakwood's two, making the final score 20-8 in favour of Humberside. Stringer at centre, with eleven points, led the scoring.

Central Commerce at Humberside—In a very slow game, in which neither team showed at its best, the juniors defeated Commerce. Each team seemed to have difficulty in penetrating the other's defence and relied on long shots. Full time score was 15-7.

Harbord at Humberside—In an exhibition game, in which both teams had a little trouble in hitting their stride, Humberside eked out a 17-15 win over last year's champions.

Parkdale at Humberside—The hitherto unbeaten Humberside juniors went down to defeat at the hands of Parkdale in a closely-fought contest, in which Humberside came back in the second half but lost 21-19.

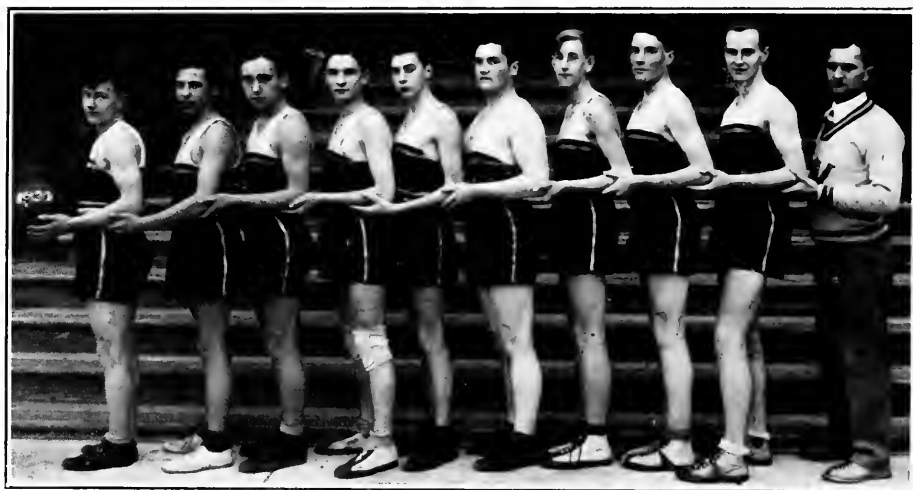
Humberside at Bloor—In another closely-fought contest, Humberside nosed out a three-point victory over Bloor. The score was 20-17.

Humberside at Western Tech.—Western Tech. nearly defeated Humberside in a lackadaisical game. Score: 14-8.

The first game of the second series was Oakwood at Humberside. Humberside clearly demonstrated their superiority by romping away to a 26-14 victory, their best score up to that time.

Humberside at Commerce—In a very poor exhibition of basketball Humberside lost on a foul shot which was scored after the final whistle. This was the worst break of the year. Score 12-11.

Humberside at Parkdale—In Parkdale's excellent new gymnasium, Humberside, although the score was 12-12 at half-time, lost all chance at the play-offs by losing 26-14 to the strong Parkdale five.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

C. Gallow, J. Palmer, G. Espie, J. Culiner, A. Miller, H. Sisson, C. Bred'e,
L. Sloane, W. Stringer, Mr. Patterson.
(Absent) H. Higgins.

Track and Field

Boys' Field Day

The first boys' field day held on our new track was a big success. The students turned out in large numbers to support their friends in the various events. The Senior Championship was won by Bill Leachman, second place by Jack Evans. The intermediate title went to Bunny McKillop but Arnott Goodwin was only five points behind him. The greatest competition, however, was in the Junior Series where only one point separated Bruce Bleakney, the champion, and Lester Bissel, the runner-up. The Bruce Clarke Shield for inter-form championship was won by II-F with 38 points.

The entries in the field day this year were many, and, after all, that is what makes such an event a success. Many of the boys might well be mentioned, but on account of limited space, the best we can do is to extend our congratulations to all who competed and our thanks to the teachers who planned the day and acted as officials.

Board of Education Games

At the Board of Education Games, the Humberside Track Team proved its superiority over those from the other schools of the city by taking first place with 54 points. Bloor, our great rival in every field of sport, came second with 33 points.

Ontario Championships

By winning a first or second at the Toronto and District Meet in June, fourteen Humberside boys qualified to compete in the Ontario Championships. The finals were held on August the 23rd at Kingston and the Humberside team again upheld the "Garnet, Grey and White." Lester Bissel gave the most outstanding performance when he just missed breaking the Junior Pole-vault. Art Speare captured two seconds in the "hundred" and "quarter." Jack Milling, Alex Robertson, and Bill Leachman won seconds in the "high," "220 yards," and "mile" respectively.

Milwaukee

The team from Humberside, coached by Mr. McLellan, which travelled to Milwaukee to compete against the best relay teams from the high schools of the United States as well as the famed Hamilton Collegiate team, did not do as well as last year's, but was far from being outclassed. According to a ruling of the Athletic Commission in charge of the meet, Hamilton and Humberside were forced to compete in the open division, rather than the one closed to High Schools.

However, in the half-mile relay composed of Speare, McKillop, Halls and Leachman, Humberside ran fourth against some fifteen or sixteen teams. The mile team placed fourth against as great opposition. Speare, Halls, Robertson and Leachman formed this team. In the two-mile relay, where each man ran a "half," Halls, Agnew, Henderson and Robertson put up a good race.

"Curly" Evans proved to be the "hard-luck man" on the trip. He tied for third in the pole-vault after a hard fight and then lost the "toss-up," which meant that he took fourth place.

Jack Milling competed in the high jump but had to be satisfied with fifth after a gruelling contest of over three hours.

The man who made it possible for the track team to make this trip was Mr. Lynch of the "Runnymede," while Mr. Livingston, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Leachman also contributed. The Ontario Athletic Commission made a splendid donation which was greatly appreciated and without which some of the boys would have had to miss this fine experience. Besides giving a donation of money, the Commission sent Mr. Knox to aid Mr. McLellan in getting the team into shape.

Rowing

"Bow side, in!" snapped out the coxswain. "Stroke side, in! Shove her off, bow."

The hour had arrived. At last we were in our sliding seats with our oars ready in their rowlocks; Humberside's first eight, after months of strenuous training and early morning practices at sunrise off the Argonaut Club, were ready to go to the starting point to compete for the championship of high

school eight-oared shells, over a one-mile course, at the Canadian Henley, held at St. Catharines, last July.

At the command of the coxswain we dipped our oars and, on reaching open water, began to buck the twenty-five mile wind which was whipping up a sea on the course. Finally, however, the starter's boat was reached and, as Lachine and Hamilton were waiting, the three crews took up their assigned positions and "jockeyed" for the start.

In those few tense seconds, as we were expecting the starter's gun to go off at any moment, many thoughts flashed through our minds, one of the uppermost being the determination to do our best to uphold the honour of Humberside in her new field of endeavour. Due partly to the high wind, there was trouble in getting the crews into line. However, the starter was patient and

Crack! the race was on.

The twenty-four oars gripped the water, as the crews vied to break away for the best start. Humberside had a fast getaway, and during the first quarter-mile had a half-length lead over Lachine and Hamilton.

The decisive point was near the half-mile mark, where the full effect of the wind and waves was felt. Lachine and Hamilton, stroking about forty-two to the minute against Humberside's thirty-eight, gained little by little till the boats were in the order: Lachine, Hamilton, Humberside, in which position they finished.

The race is over but the members of the crew will not soon forget their experiences and feeling during those gruelling minutes of their first Henley contest.

Next summer, with more support from the student body and with experience gained in her first attempt, Humberside should be able to sponsor an eight which would equal her hockey, basketball, and rugby teams, in upholding her sporting reputation.

Humberside Crew:

Teacher-in-charge—Mr. H. Creighton.

Coxswain—C. West.

1. H. Keefe

2. C. Burke

3. N. Agar

4. A. Cubbidge

5. H. Logan

6. W. Harper

7. M. Lewis

Stroke, R. McAlpine.

Average weight—163 pounds.

Winner's Average—135 pounds.

Winner's time—5 minutes, 12 seconds.

Our Old Boys in the World of Sport

Humberside today enjoys a very fine athletic reputation which the present generation of students has earned for her. But, in this they are only living up to tradition, for she has, out in the world of sport, many distinguished graduates whose records should make interesting reading.

Eddie Sinclair was manager of the University of Toronto senior rugby team, a member of the U. of T. championship swimming and water-polo teams. He won the Dental College track and field championship and is a member of the International Water-Polo team of this year.

Gord Jermyn won the track and field championship at University College. In the Intercollegiate meet he won in the half mile, second in the 440-yard, and ran in the winning U. of T. relay team. In the Interfaculty indoor meet he won first place in the half mile with a new record of two minutes, one-fifth seconds.

Don Smith, in the U. of T. Interfaculty meet, won first place in the mile. In the Intercollegiate meet he was second in the mile and ran on the winning U. of T. relay team. In the Interfaculty indoor meet he was second to Jermyn in the half mile.

Chester Smith won the Canadian Amateur broad jump championship at Banff.

"Firpo" Brown played middle wing for the Argos and held the Ontario Amateur Boxing championship.

Harvey Jackson, the youngest member of the Maple Leaf hockey team, was at Humberside in 1924-25.

Johnny Johnston, half-back on Argonaut senior rugby team, played on Humberside's senior rugby team three years ago.

Gay Kirkpatrick, half-back on Balmy Beach senior rugby team, was a member of the Humberside championship team of 1924.

"Bus" Haugh has been playing basketball in Regina, and for a while held the foul-shooting championship.

Lou Hudson, former member of the famous Dents and then the Varsity Grads Olympic team, has been coaching hockey at Iroquois Falls. He played on Humberside championship teams from 1914-1916.

Joe Breen, who is now rugby coach at Western University, played rugby for Humberside in 1914. Since then he has become widely known as a star half-back on many of Toronto's outstanding teams and as captain of the Varsity Intercollegiate team.

Alex Parks and Wally Adams were in Europe playing hockey with the C.C.M. team.

Ed. Long was middle wing on Varsity Intercollegiate team.

George Ewens, Ron. Geddes, Art Brant, Fred Hall, and Jack Milling are playing hockey on local junior O.H.A. teams.

Wes. Lackey was a member of Queen's Intercollegiate rugby team.

Al. Huggins and Glen Brydson are now in Montreal playing hockey for the M.A.A.A. senior team.



BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

G. Hudgin, D. Halls, G. Kerr,
Mr. McLellan, Wm. Leachman, Mr. McQuarrie



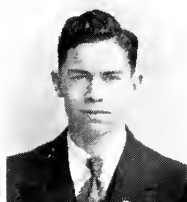
Bill Leachman, one of our most outstanding pupils, a leader in all phases of school life, fills the President's chair in the Boy's Athletic Association. For two years he starred on the Junior Rugby backfield. Last year he showed his wares in Senior company. He is also track and field champion. Best o' luck, Bill!

Isabelle Anderson is this year the capable and popular captain of the Senior Basketball team and last year filled the same position on the Championship Junior team. She made a very effective debut in the play, "The Sub-Contractor," and is the efficient editor of the Girls' Sports on the Hermes.



George and his smile have won many friends in the past five years at Humberside. "Tiny Watson" was star middle of the Senior Rugby team, captain of last year's Junior Hockey Champions, and a member of the Basketball team of 1929. Besides these athletic activities, George takes a childish delight in manœuvring permutations and combinations.

Mary Stewart, commonly known as "Biddy," is one of Humberside's bright lights. Not only was Mary captain of the Girls' Basketball team, the city champions, but she has also been prominent in all branches of athletics and in dramatics.



Frank Patterson has proved his versatile athletic ability by playing Senior Soccer, Senior Rugby, and Senior Basketball. He was on the 1929 Championship basketball team and is captain of this year's basketeers. By his fine sportsmanship and winning personality he has justly gained a host of friends and admirers.



Five years ago, when the *Hermes* was first published, only a few pages were devoted to Girls' Sports, but each year they take more and more space, and last year they occupied six pages. Years ago, girls had little or no part in High School Athletics, but the girl of today has the same chance as the boy to take part in any branch of Athletics. In the past three or four years, Girls' Athletics have advanced by leaps and bounds and we hope in the next few years, they will advance even more. At present, girls take part in basketball, baseball, tennis and volley ball. They swim, play golf, do acrobatic stunts, bowl, and even play hockey. They also are taking an interest in Track Work. What a difference there is between the girl of today and the maiden of twenty years ago! Unhampered by long dresses, long hair and foolish customs, she strides through life with her head high, and occupies a place equal to that of the boy.

—Isabella Anderson.

A Resume of Girls' Sports

Since the publication of last year's Hermes

1929 was a Red Letter Year in the history of Girls' Sports at old Humberside. Both Senior and Junior Girls' Basketball teams finished the season as Champions—an honour which has not come to any other school. The Junior Team came through with flying colours and a record of not one defeat during the whole season. The Seniors lost only one game—the first loss in three years—and this to Parkdale, but the next game with Parkdale saw Humberside Seniors well in the lead. The only other time the Seniors were seriously threatened was at the final game against Jarvis, played at the West End Y.M.C.A. Unfortunately for Jarvis, their best player—Helen Ball—had her knee hurt so badly that she could not finish the game, and Humberside Seniors, after a hard fight, won the City Championship.

Playing on the Senior Team were Mary Plummer, as Jumping Centre; Audrey Stevens, Side Centre; Helen Irvine (Captain) and Helen Emerson as Forwards, and Connie Everett and Dorothy Sanderson as Guards. At Centre, Mary had no difficulty in getting the toss, and the two Helens and little Audrey, with a quick succession of fast passes, kept the score steadily rising. And on the Guard Line Connie and Dot made it extremely hard for the opposing Forwards to get any baskets.

In Connie, Humberside had one of the steadiest and most reliable players she has ever had. She could always be counted on and her coolness had a steadying effect on the whole team. We were extremely sorry to see all our old 1928-29 Seniors go, and we miss them on the Basketball floor.

The Juniors were a small but very fast team which came through each game as victors with no difficulty. With Grace McClintock and Madeline Linn as Forwards, Inez Davies as Side Centre, Isabella Anderson (Captain) as Jumping Centre, and Nan Hamilton and Agnes Norris as Guards, the Junior Team kept the Seniors on the jump at each practice.

The Junior Team also lost some of its players. Grace McClintock, described by Miss McAllister as long and rangy, is now going to Bloor Collegiate, where she plays on their Senior Team, and Inez Davies—the wonder shot—is going to Western Tech-Commerce and is playing on their Senior Team.

Humberside is proud of her girls, and their achievements in the Basketball field.

Track

Although the track work plays an important part in Boys' Collegiate Athletics, it is not particularly stressed by the girls. However, last spring, it was decided to send a girls' relay team to the Coliseum along with the boys from Humberside. As it happened, two teams were sent, one of which came in third place at the Meet.

Later on, Miss Mitchell began training teams to send down to The Annual Board of Education Inter-Collegiate Meet in front of the grandstand at the Exhibition. She and the girls worked hard and made a good showing, even though they were not victorious.

The runners were:—Helen Irvine, Audrey Stevens, Dorothy Sanderson, Nan Hamilton, Eva Barbey, Mame Seibelink, Helen Wenger, and Isabella Anderson.

We are glad to see that the girls are going to be given more chances to distinguish themselves in track work, now that we have a track of our own, and we hope they will avail themselves of this asset to the greatest extent.

Elections

Early in September, the election of officers for 1930 G.A.A. executive was held, and a large number were present at the meeting.

Reports of the year's activities were given by last year's executive and bouquets of flowers were presented to Miss Ward, last year's Honourary President, and to Miss McAllister. Before the elections, a sing-song was held, led by Isabella Anderson. Here, the first formers were given a chance to learn some of the school songs, and altogether, they demonstrated their ability to make a noise.

Miss Mitchell was appointed by acclamation Honourary President. Coral Lightfoot was elected president with a big majority and Agnes Norris came in as vice-president. The rest of the executive are:—Nan Hamilton, Secretary; Del Elliot, Treasurer; Madeline Linn, Basketball Representative; Isabella Anderson, Baseball Representative; Wilma Cummings, Volley Ball Representative; Peggy Pringle, Tennis Representative; Joan Garton and Mary Keeling, Social Representatives; Margaret Cowan, Big Sister Representative.



G.A.A. EXECUTIVE
D. Elliott, A. Norris, Miss Mitchell, C. Lightfoot, N. Hamilton

Initiation

In October, the G.A.A. held its second meeting of the year in the form of a ceremonial initiation. In past years the unfortunate freshies had to go through all sorts of mock tortures, but as this has been forbidden, they merely took their pledge. Miss Mitchell, our new Honourary President, was in the chair and she also had to be initiated. A balloon filled with confetti was hung over her head and when she was seated Miss Ward burst the balloon, showering Miss Mitchell with the confetti. The new executive were introduced and the old executive passed on their candles.

A little later Isabella Anderson led the girls in a sing-song and then Mr. La Pierre sang for us. Two fine recitations were given by two of our Freshies—Ruth Bond and Doris Lacock—and these were enjoyed by all.

All the first formers wore green hair ribbons, and Miss McNair and Miss Lynch, our two Freshie teachers, also wore green. Refreshments were served and then for the rest of the time the girls danced to the accompaniment of the music of Wayne Allman and Norm. Agar, who represented the Collegians.



The Masquerade

On the first of November the annual G.A.A. Masquerade was held. Although it was a rainy night, there was a large crowd of gaily costumed girls out. They were met at the door by two solemn niggers who called themselves George and Rastus. Guessing the identity of these two worthy individuals proved to be quite amusing and also very difficult. Inside the gymnasium, for the first quarter of an hour, the girls enjoyed various Hallowe'en games, mostly of fortune telling and eating apples hung on strings. The Grand March followed, and the many beautiful and interesting costumes made the task of the judges a very difficult one. Miss Mitchell, Miss Story, and Miss Stock did the judging, and they had quite a time picking out the winners, but finally decided that Phyllis Hancock had the most beautiful costume and Elizabeth Arnold and Mary Meikle the funniest.

The skits put on by each year were among the main events of the evening, and everyone enjoyed them very much. The Fourth Formers won this competition with a play entitled, "The Supreme Sacrifice." The main characters in this were Nan Hamilton, Laura Schissler, Phyllis Veal, Margaret Dillon, Day Tucker, Loraine Hingston, Fanny Wakely and Isabella Anderson.

Agnes Norris and Phyllis Hancock danced, then the Collegians played and for some time the girls danced. Refreshments were served by Joan Garton and her committee. Everyone had an enjoyable time and left in high spirits.



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Miss McAllister, B. Bond, D. Elliott, M. Linn, A. Till, E. Leask, A. Norris,
N. Hamilton, M. Fisher, K. Westman, I. Anderson.

Basketball

This year only four of last year's champions returned and these were all Juniors in the persons of Nan Hamilton, Agnes Norris, Madeline Linn and Isabella Anderson. These four, along with Beryl Bond and Del Elliott, are this year's Senior Team. On the sub. line Mary Fisher and Kay Westman have worked hard and will no doubt have places as regulars in the coming year. On the forward line Beryl, Madeline and Del have worked together beautifully. Beryl is a speedy little player who invariably runs circles around her taller guards. Her ready laugh is infectious and keeps the whole team in high spirits. Madeline, though not very tall, is very good at rebounds and is a fine shot. But she is very modest and not fond of being in the limelight. Del has worked very hard this year and has done well on the forward line. She is a good shot and a quick little player.

Isabella, this year's captain, playing centre, has managed to get the jump most of the time and has specialized in intercepting. Because of the flying leaps she often takes to intercept a ball, the girls have called her "Leaping Lena." Nan, as guard, is a quick, lively player. Her best points are her speed and ability at intercepting. Her ready smile and perky disposition have made her a general favourite. Playing beside her is Agnes, who is an absolute whirlwind when she gets going. She is fine at rebounds and always seems to be in the right place at the right time.

Unfortunately, this year the Seniors have not been winners and the girls, though naturally disappointed, have not given up hope but are planning what they will do next year. After all, we really play for the fun of the game and the love of keen competition, and we do not expect to win all the time.

This year's Junior Team is entirely new—most of the girls having worked up from the substitute line. They have lost only one game this season and that to Harbord at their very first game. Though off to a rather discouraging start, the Juniors bucked up and decisively beat their opponents at the next game. On January 31, they played in the Semi-finals at Central Y.M.C.A.

against Riverdale. In the last period, the Riverdale girls got in the lead by one point, but our Juniors, after many exciting plays, scored two more baskets and the final score stood at 19-17 in favour of—Humberside! On February 4, at Jarvis Collegiate, the Juniors played Danforth Tech. in their final game and beat them by a close margin with a score of 21-17. There was a fairly large representation supporting our girls and they made as much noise as all the others put together. In the last two minutes, the spectators were frantic, because the score was so close, and the players themselves were so very excited that they hardly knew what they were doing.

Mary Stewart, captain, playing forward, is a splendid shot, and she has done her part to keep the scores climbing. Marian Christie, playing beside her, has distinguished herself as a forward this year. She is a wonder at getting rebounds, and is always a steady, reliable player. Last but not least on the forward line is Wilma Cummings, better known as Billy, who plays side-centre. She is a fast player who, like Beryl, runs circles around her guard. The Billy, Biddy and Marion combination this year has worked to give Humberside Juniors their running score.

Playing at centre is Peggy Pringle. Tall, quick and agile, she has been the means of getting the ball to her team mates from the play-off. Laura Schissler, who came to Humberside this year from Parkdale, playing as guard has won her way into the girls' hearts as well as on to the team. Although not very tall, she is an able interceptor and has an annoying way, annoying only to the forward she is guarding, of invariably being on the spot where the ball is. Playing beside her is Jean Mason, who has done well as a guard and has had a steady influence on her team-mates.

Playing sub. were: Helen Clark, Essie Leask, Helen Edmunds, Betty Blackhall and Marion Blake.

The Juniors have saved the honour of the school for Girls' Basketball by winning the Championship. We congratulate them on their success and hope they may do as well next year.



JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL—CITY CHAMPIONS

Miss McAllister, H. Clark, W. Cumming, M. Stewart, L. Schissler, M. Blake,
M. Christie, P. Pringle, H. Edmunds, J. Mason, B. Blackhall.

The Skating Party

On January 22, the G.A.A. held their annual skating party. Usually, the girls skate over at Ravina, but this year they used the little rink on the girls' tennis courts. The day was bitterly cold, but none of the skaters realized this because of the fun they were having.

The main entertainment on the ice took the form of various races. There were prizes given for each competition which were won by Isabel Cation in the first form race, Isabel Hornell in the second and third year, and Laura Schissler in the fourth and fifth. There was a relay race which was won by the second year girls who displayed excellent speed and team work.

For some time after the races, the girls skated around till the refreshments could be prepared. Then they trooped down to the lunch room where they were served hot soup and crackers, the usual refreshments for skating parties. The prizes were presented, and a little later the girls joined in a sing-song which fairly raised the roof. Balloons and serpentine helped make the affair festive and everybody was in high spirits.

The afternoon was a decided success, for everybody had an enjoyable time. We are looking forward to next year's party and will remember this last one for some time.

Interform Games

Interform games of basketball, volley ball and tennis have been played in the school during the whole year and the titles for these have caused very keen competition. In the basketball, last year's winners were the girls of II-C, and III-F captured the volley ball honours. The 1930 Interform Basketball League has not yet been completed, so this year's winners can not be announced.

Weather conditions prevented the completion of the Tennis League, but this spring with our new courts, we should be able to have a fine Tennis competition.

Although we have such a large campus, we really have no place for a baseball diamond, and playing in the gymnasium is not very satisfactory, so this last Fall nothing was done in connection with baseball. However, we are hoping that this Spring we shall have a place to play.

At present, there is a basketball shooting competition which is being carried on among the girls and we are interested to see who the winner will be.

Interform athletics, while not spoken of as much as intercollegiate athletics, are really the more important, because they allow people who would have no chance in intercollegiate sports to take part in the various branches of athletics.

An Expression of Appreciation

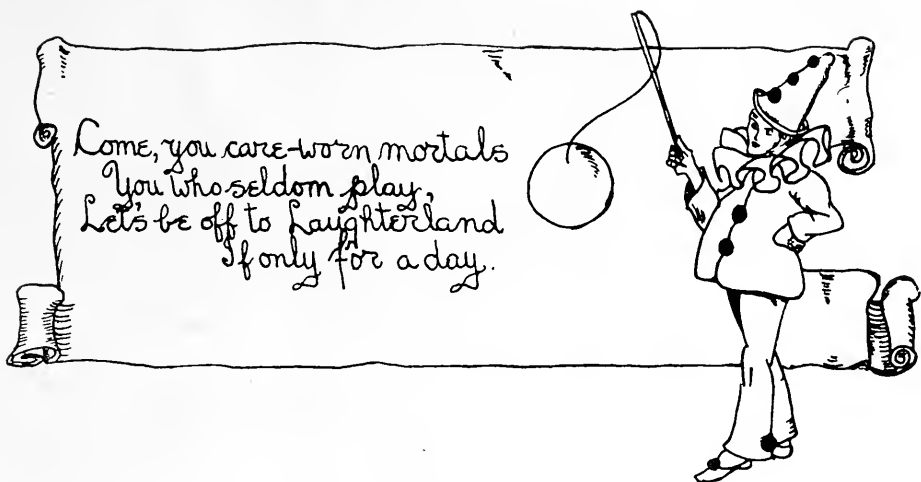
Basketball, though considered a part of school life, is really an activity which is carried on after school hours. Every team requires a coach, and Miss McAllister has worked in this capacity among the girls for a number of years. Those not playing on a team of any sort, would scarcely realize how much time the coach has to spend choosing her material, weeding it out, and training the selected ones. It is a position which calls for much tact, a decided sense of humour, good management, lots of ability and last, but by no means least, a great deal of time. Miss McAllister has shown that she has all these qualities and her ability to manage girls and coach teams has been clearly shown in the remarkable number of championship teams which have been produced by her. For five years, Humberside girls have won at least one championship each year, and in 1929, they accomplished the unusual feat of winning two championships!

On behalf of the girls who have been trained by her, this article is being written to thank her for the wonderful patience she has used in training us and for the unselfish way she has given us such a great deal of her time after school.

The girls would also like to express their appreciation of the untiring efforts of Miss Mitchell, who is this year the Honourary President of the G.A.A. She is in charge of the inter-form basketball league and has on numerous occasions helped with the school teams. Last year she trained the girls' track teams which were sent down to the Exhibition. We will not soon forget the time she has sacrificed in our behalf and the kindly interest she has shown in all our activities.

"The 1930 Teams"





Humouresque Secundus

The unpropitious propinquity of the etymon of the word "Humour" to the etymon of the word "Moisture" tends to exacerbate and acridate (or is it acidulate?) our naturally compatible disposition. But the tenuity of the tergiversation which is the perversion of Mr. Webster's tenebrious and perfidious, though dogmatical, definition of "Humour," warns us not to participate in a pernicious and maudlin rodomontade which might coerce us into uttering a terminological inexactitude. Now you ask, Mr. Jermyn, what bearing has this on the subject? None! We were going to open by telling about Mr. Bennett who remarked that the foundation of the Aeneid went back to the Romans. And we, in turn, were going to say that our piano was going back to Heintzman's, but decided that this was not quite original.

However, originality has been shown in some cases. Although last year an attempt was made to cut limericks off in their infancy, it has been found that the joy of self-expression cannot be restrained, and some most illustrious efforts have been brought to notice. Though running the risk of printing obscene

literature, we submit this maiden's effort to the public.

There was a young lady named
Clarke,
Who swam out to sea for a lark,
On her third time down,
As she started to drown,
"My Golly!" quoth she, "Ain't it
dark?"

And now, with lowered eyes and blushing brow, we, with horror on our faces, whisper to the world that "Golly" was not the word found on the original masterpiece. The word itself was "more expressive than elegant," and so, with much regret, we find it impossible to print this beautiful little poem.

In the preceding edition of this most worthy magazine, advice was given as to the method of being humorous in black and white. For example:

Phillips — (Holding Keast's coat)—

"What's under this?"

Keast—"Under where?"

Phillips—"That's right!"

Now, believe it or not, that is funny if you read it enough. We ought to know. We've read it so



"THE HERMES"



many times we could say it backwards. But since variety is said to be the spice of life, an attempt is being made to point out (use demonstro) to the better halves of our school the facilitation (an entirely original creation) of being popular and in great demand at any dance. Of course, to try (use conor) to tell a girl anything may be as futile and as useless as telling Mr. Stilwell a hair-raising story, but duty calls.

1. Refuse to dance with the partner your escort has chosen for you. This shows him you are extremely independent. Young men just dote on independent women.

2. Never sit out a dance. Besides being bad for the young heart, the moon is also said to turn flasked ginger ale sour. (See Chemistry notes).

3. While struggling a frame with your escort, prattle on unceasingly about the smart dances you've been at, the last, of course, being at the Royal York. Realizing that your modestly admitted popularity makes you a very heavily dated young woman, he will phone every day for the rest of the term.

4. Establish in this young man's mind the fact that you are not of the ordinary type, interested in any such trivial matter as romance. Fill his ears full of the knowledge that you are interested in and thoroughly understand all the rudiments of sports and politics. Young men take girls to dances just to find the right girl.

5. Use big words.

6. If your escort is small and dark, point out all the blond young giants and remark innocently that you hope to be accompanied next time by a man like that.

7. Walk all over his feet, and noticing his pained expression just "Heh, Heh." This will make him laugh so hard that he will forget his feet.

And so we desiccate.



"Och mon," gasped the dying Scot, "I have but a minute to live. Gie me the ceegar butt in ma pants."

Jack Dorricot and Sam Axsmith were plodding down a country road when they met a farmer by the name of Crich.

"Where," asked Jack, "do we go to get to Seaforth?"

"Jest follow your noses," replied Papa Crich, pointing.

"But," lamented Sammy, "we want to go together!"

Mr. Hatch to 1st form pupil: "What's your name, boy?"

"Henry Jones."

"It is customary to say 'sir'."

"Awright, Sir Henry Jones."

Personal Appearance

Personal Appearance is important to young men in College.

ART CLOTHES
CUSTOM TAILORED



He who is careless in his clothes is apt to be careless in his work, in his habits, in his thinking.

ART CLOTHES, tailored to order promote self-assurance, self-respect. They have that good appearance that makes one feel good and it's when one feels his best that he does his best.

Only a rich man can afford to be careless of his appearance and even then it is evident—lack of self-respect.

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VALUE
\$5



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CANADA



A Ballad of a Fallen Arch

There were two teachers sate in a bower
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
Eating their lunch in the luncheon hour
 One was Bennett, the other McQuarrerie.

"Give me, oh give me, oh give me sugair"
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
"Mine tea is cold and I'm vexed sair,"
 Said Bennett to McQuarrerie.

"Oh, ne'er vexed, sair, sae much as I"
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
"A brae student to me didst lie."
 To Bennett quoth McQuarrerie.

"This morn his yellow locks he flung"
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
"Said he 'I've not my homework done' "
 To Bennett. quoth McQuarrerie.

"Oh ne'er heard I of such a thing"
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
"Oh ne'er heard I of such a thing,"
 Said Bennett to McQuarrerie.

"Nae work today, nae work, children"
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
For he waxed sad sae acts to ken;
 Poor Bennett, not McQuarrerie.

"Up sprang a youth, 'My homework's done' "
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
"Then down to office on the run,"
 Said Bennnett, not McQuarrerie.

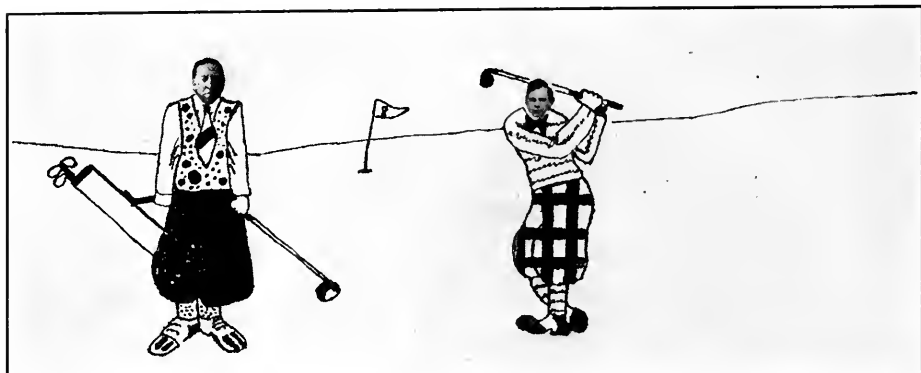
Then sate he down upon the bench
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
Beside a yellow and homely wench
 (Ne'er Bennett nor McQuarrerie).

In came Sir John Silvestere Wren.
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
"Why cam' ye here and how and when,
 Frae Bennett or McQuarrerie?"

“THE HERMES”

When told he wept, his hands he wrung
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
 “Go now, go now, for I was young”
 (Not Bennett nor McQuarrerrie).

The lad he fainted, oh, swound he down
 (Bullonerie, O Bullonerie!)
 From bed he fell and brake his crown.
 (Bullonerie, more Bullonerie!)



Benny Potts Brings Home His Report

Pop was sitting in his privut chare reeding the sports collum and Ma was walking around putting strait things crooked and crooked things strait; such as pictures, vases, and the clock, saying good heavens all I do is follow you men around picking up picking up picking up. She kep on walking around mooving things till everything looked different but nothin looked eny better.

You men are the most careless creechurs she sed and Pop sed exeptin ladies and gentlemen the speeshies on our left. Meening Ma. Your impossible Willyum Ma sed and by the way she sed have you seen Bennies report Benny go and get your report and show it to your father.

Ye cannot chose but obey Pop sed. Meening me so I quick got my report out of the buffay dreore saying here Pop.

Willyum Benny Pots he sed, reed-

ing. For the winter turn uv 1930 this pewpil has bin late three times and absent wunce. Well, that's not bad considering the haabits uv his fourfathers Pop sed and Ma sed now Willyum dont incurage the child he's bad enuf now. Pop kep on reeding. Geogrfy 49 Arithmutik 31 yee gods is this out of 40 or 50 Pop sed. French 60 Latin 54 Latin is a language as ded as it cann be he sed and I sed it killed off all the romans and Pop sed that's enuf Iv herd that wun before. Whats this ritten at the bottum uv the page he sed and I thot gee whiz hec good nite amen wat now.

This shows carelessness on the part uv the parent as well as on that uv the pewpil he sed reeding. Well is that so he sed and Ma sed I do declare thats an outrage. I'll afix my signature herto and see the athorities tomorrow now Benny get up to bed and dont let me here a peep out uv you he sed. Wich I did.

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"THE HERMES"



Don't Read This!

This article is dedicated to the harassed Latin student, who, at one time or another has wondered how Caesar and his Motley crew (see "Joe Caesar and his Rowboat" or "Punt, Punt, Who's got the Football?") ever conversed without a Latin grammar open in front of them. We are presenting a little personal glimpse of the home life of a select few of Rome's "Four Hundred." (This is not the Apocalypse).

Mrs. Caesar: "You are *not* going out tonight."

Caesar: "Aw listen, Sugar, I gotta heavy date with Cicero, the silver-voiced senator. According to custom, at the seventh hour, we're gonna get together at Bill's Pool-Room and think up some nice new war. It's cramping my style, not having anything to write about."

Mrs. Caesar: "Nothin' doin', kid, you're stayin' chez nous cette nocte, to look after the kids." (She beams on him, proud of her French and the purpose clause, one of Caesar's little failings). "This is your night in."

Caesar: "Now let's talk this over. I get the pay cheque tonight and I'll get you a new mail coat."

Mrs. Caesar: "Like Dame Themisticles'?"

Caesar: "Well, a thousand ducats is a lotta money."

Mrs. C. (pouting): "You're an old Jew."

Caesar: "Jule, Dear jewel, heh, heh, heh."

Mrs. C.: "Oh, that same old pun. Get hep to yourself, n'est-ce pas?" (She goes to a corner and weeps).

Caesar (a parte): "I'll get me a taxi and hie me to the senate." (Climbs into a chariot pulled by two

old plugs that do duty as milk, ice, garbage and fire horses).

Socrates (charioteer, taximan, burglar, lecturer): "O most worthy Caesar, whither away? Pay as you enter, please."

Caesar: "Can the chatter, old man. Lemme off at Bud's and charge it to profit and loss." (Arrives at Bud's and, finding nobody there, gallops over to the Senate House. Spies Cicero at the bar). "Hawaii? Flip you nickels. Say, Ciss, why the face?"

Cicero: "It was this way, believe it or not. I was waiting for a street car, when up come Helen of Troy and gave me a lift down town. Says she, 'Kid, I'm leavin' yuh. You've beat me for the last time. I'm headin' for Mexico.'"

Caesar: "At last, a war! Hot stuff, Cissy! Steward, get me my pen and parchment." (Sits down to write out the plot of the latest fight, but a bunch of the boys are whooping it up and he gets into a game of poker). "Down to my last sandal. All my argen gone! No mail coat for the little woman. She'll be all hot and bothered." (To Cicero): "Where'd you say Helen went, Mexico? When's the next train, steward? Get me an upper. I'll write the femme a note. Say, boys, what's the dative plural of the masculine gerund? There isn't one? Then I'll make one."

Mr. Jermyn: "What are you looking for, Harris?"

"Frontenac."

"Too bad but he's been dead these last few days."

Sunday School Teacher: "Where do very bad boys ago?"

Tickner: "Mr. Jermyn's Office."

Mirabile Dictu

Name	Alias	Appearance	Favourite Saying	Ambition	Future Occupation	Never Without	Chief Weakness
Walton, E.	"Teddy"	Lacking	"If I was you I'd"	Sunday School Teacher	T. T. C. conductor	Lunch Can	His mind
Leachman, W.	"Lilly"	Celestial	"Ph-oocy"	To manage Simpson's Groceries	C. G. I. T. leader	His personality	His appetite
Murrell-Wright, A.	"Buster"	Rapturous	"He, he likewise, ha ha"	To say "I'm sorry," without smiling	Wrecker	An excuse	A good cook
Watson, G.	"Tiny"	Colossal	"Oh, Shoot!"	To get a paper route	Barber	Garters	Size
Sharpe, A.	"Jesse James"	Weird	"Have you heard this one?"	"Hush"	Speed Cop	A "Dodge"	French
Blacklock, A.	"Stiffy"	Oh! Oh!	"Kerr did it"	Unmentionable	Californian snow shoveller	"Good" suggestions	School
Bruce, D.	"Dougjie"	Seldom	"Toss you for it"	Wear size elevens	Taxi-driver	Somebody's sister	Red Durants
Powell, B.	"Shark"	Divine	"She's just all right"	To grow a moustache	Milkman	Engine trouble	Rugby
Lougheed, B.	"Pee-wee"	Don't Esk.	"Got a new wheeze lads"	To play hockey	Fruit dealer	Gas?	His voice



"THE HERMES"



Julius Caesar Alias E. C. MacQuarrie

O you dumb beasts, you noisy bunch of idiots,
 Know you not your Virgil? Many a time and oft
 Have you climbed out of your seats
 To stand and, yea, to shake your knees,
 Your Virgil in your hands, and there have stood
 The livelong period in patient expectation
 To see the translation appear before your eyes,
 And when you heard me say "Sit down!"
 Have you not made a happy sigh
 That pupils laughed underneath their breath
 To see you make such a display of ignorance
 Before the students of the class?
 And do you now not know your Virgil?
 And do you now expect to hear the bell?
 And do you stand there and shake
 Because you did not do your work?
 Sit down!
 Take out your translations, get down to work
 And do your homework to ward off the failure
 That needs must light on these omissions.

—*W. S., IV-F.*

A PLAY

The Fore Horsemen

Personnae (dramatis or otherwise)

Mr. Skirrow

Mr. Medcof

Mr. Phillips

Mr. Norris

(This is all one in one act)

Mr. Skirrow: "Fore!"

Mr. Medcof: "Shsss!"

Mr. Norris: "Kick the ball!"

Mr. Phillips: "I protest. No goal!"

(They form a vicious circle)

Mr. S.: "Fore!"

Mr. M.: "Three!"

Mr. N.: "Two!"

Mr. Ph.; "Nine. I win!"

(They pick up the marbles and begin again).

Bob Carson (when the bridge fell on them): "Lord, have mercy on us."

Dillon: "Migosh, we have enough on us already."

Alexandroff thinks he's a good friend of Mr. Bennett's because he has a Roman nose.

The lad led with a straight left and, finding himself at the blue line, he shot a basket, making a three-base hit. As he punted for the corner pocket, he served a birdie forcing Elsie (see Elsie's Childhood, Page 9) to the inside track. Coming up for air, he saw the evil face of Tem Tennings in the front cockpit. So, thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, Frank Merriwell swore silently, for was not the mortgage of his father's farm due? And nowhere could he find a job as bootblack. The answer is Cot. (This is not a bed).

"Whither away, O Chief," remarked Antony to Caesar. Julius shot him dead because no Roman was gonna tell him to dry up and get away with it.

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Stop Press News

The following results of recent games have not been previously mentioned in the "Hermes."

The Junior Boys' Basketball team was defeated in two very close games. The scores were:

Humberside	20	Western Tech.	21
Humberside	19	Bloor	21

The Senior Boys' Basketball team, although defeating Western Tech. with a very promising score of 49-12, also fell before Bloor with 18 points to Bloor's 34.

The Junior Hockey team closed a most successful season by winning the city championship. The last four games were:

Humberside	2	Oakwood	0
Humberside	5	Bloor	1
Humberside (semi-final) ...	3	Western Tech.	0
Humberside (final)	3	Western Tech.	0

The Seniors, perhaps not so successful but equally praiseworthy, lost their group play-off against Bloor. Their scores were:

Humberside	2	Parkdale	2
Humberside	8	Western Tech.	1
Humberside	2	Bloor	3

On March 6th the students greatly enjoyed an address by Rev. Charles Gordon, universally known as Ralph Connor.

On March 7th the annual school concert was held. "The Trysting Place" and "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" were presented before a filled auditorium. Miss McNair, Miss McRae and Mr. Johnson were responsible for these productions.

On March 12th some of our teachers came down from Olympus long enough to present "The Weather Breeder" and "Brothers in Arms" before the pupils. We wish to congratulate these talented exponents of the histrionic art.

It is worthy of our notice that several members of the West Toronto Hockey team which this season has won the O.H.A. Championship are present or former students of Humberside. Congratulations!

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4 Doors Above Bloor.

A drummer is a man we know
Who has to do with drums;
But I've never met a plumber yet
Who had to do with plums.

A cheerful man who sells you hats
Would be a "cheerful" hatter.
But a serious man who sells you mats
Is he a "serious matter"?

A man who brews, as everyone knows,
Is always called a brewer.
But if your landlord were to sue
Would you call him a "suer"?

Would a pious man who fried a fish
Be called a "holy friar"?
And a timid man who lies in bed,
Is he a "fearful liar"?

Mr. Jermyn: "When I went to
school the teacher taught me in ten
minutes what it takes you all period
to learn."

Would-be Historian: "But your
teachers were superior to ours."

\$5,460 for 4 People

The Combined initial salaries paid four Gregg Graduates shown on the right totals \$5,460 per annum.

Toronto is growing ; opportunities for beginners in business are multiplying. Those who are qualified through adaptability and special training to take the *better* positions are being offered very attractive salaries.



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The accompanying chart illustrates three great factors that contribute towards a good start on the road to success in business. You have one of these in a certain measure to begin with ; we supply the other two.

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Mr. Bennett: "What does 'flamato'
agree with?"

Gallow: "'Dea,' sir."

Mr. Bennett: "Guess again."

Gallow: "'Talía'."

Mr. Bennett: "No, tell him
Humphries."

Humphries: "I've told him twice
already."

Mr. McQuarrie: "T r a n s l a t e
'Fugis.'"

Madel. Linn: "You flea."

Poem:

Bernard's acquiring a moustache,
'Neath his patrician beak,
Getting it on the instalment plan,
A little "down" per week.

Class feeling is that thrill Cope gets
when his flivver passes a big limou-
sine.

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Jack: "What's on your mind,
Stringer?"

Stringer—"Thoughts."

Jack: "Treat 'em kindly, they're in
a strange place."

Phillipics

Mr. Phillips in physics we hear
Teaches Trig to the fifths very clear.
On the cos and the sin
He harps all the time;
For his job Mr. Skirrow's in fear.

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Biological Notes

The grown mosquito's stigeree
Is fastened to his muzzle.
Quite different is the buzzing bee
Who wears it in his buzzle.

A good fly's buzz expresses cheer
Or woe or joy or disappointment.
Almost always one can hear
A bad one in the ointment.

Old Classic

Here lies the body of Samuel Potter,
Who dived into a puddle without
much liquid.

Mr. Bennett: "This word means
'raining'."

Brown: "But Mrs. Sargent says it
means 'crying'."

Mr. Bennett: "Say, who wrote this
Latin Reader, anyway?"

LY. 2674

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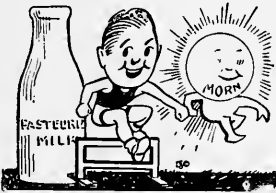
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In Those Prohibition Days

Mr. Johnston (in Chem.): "I have in this flask a 4.4 solution of alcohol."

Mr. Hatch (in Lit.): "Here lies the port."

Mr. Devitt (in Alg.): "Let's try the next case."

Mary Fisher à M. LaPierre: "Why is your national anthem called 'The Mayonnaise?'"

Cleopatra's needle was probably used as a means by which she could sew a wild oat.

Sharpe: "Get out, I can't see you today."

Henning (selling from office to office): "That's good! I'm selling spectacles."



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The poor flea knows that his children will all go to the dogs.

"You would never think that my musical talent was once the means of saving my life," said Brothers.

"I certainly would not," replied Harris. "Tell me how it happened."

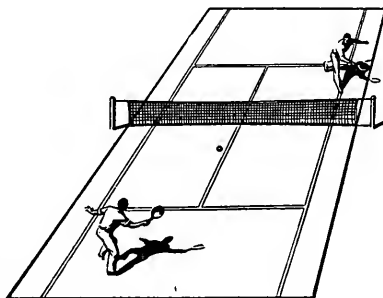
"Well," he answered, "once there was a flood in my town, and my father saved his life by jumping on a bed and floating down the flood."

"What did you do?"

"Oh! I accompanied him on the piano."

Singers realize that it is terrible when they lose their voices, but it is more terrible if they don't realize it.

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die—t. From some of our observations we begin to believe in Einstein, or Newton, or whoever it was said that tomorrow never comes.



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To a Pencil

I know not where thou art—
 I only know
That thou wert on my desk,
 A moment back,
And as I turned my head
 To view the clock,
Some heartless wretch
 Went West with thee.
I know not who he was,
 Nor shall I ask.
Perchance it may have been
 The guy I stole thee from.
 —B. Brintnell, II-G.

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Sir Samuel Smithers saw sweet Sarah Sanderson swimming.
Suddenly Sarah seemed sinking.
Sir Samuel stood stunned.
Striding seaward, spurning shingle,
Sir Samuel skilfully supported swooning Sarah.
Swimming shoreward, Sir Samuel
Successfully succoured Sarah.
Seeming slightly sea-sick, Sir Samuel
Sampled some spirits (special Scotch).
Sarah saw Sir Samuel's self-sacrificing spirit.
Sir Samuel saw Sarah's sweetness.
Strolling slowly, Sir Samuel seemed speechless.
"Say something, Sir Samuel," said Sarah.
"Say Sam, Sarah," said Sir Samuel.
Smiling shyly, Sarah said "Sam," softly.
"Sarah,—Sally,—Sweet Sally,—Sweetheart,"
Stammered Sir Samuel.
Sarah solemnly surrendered.

—*T. World, 11-G.*

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The group took a critical look at the trees and each one selected a different pair. Finally, after much discussion, an appeal was made to Bicknell to solve the problem.

"The first and the last," he said, as he walked away.

There was an old chappie named Sidney,
Who drank till he ruined a kidney.

It shrivelled and shrank
As he sat there and drank,
But he had a good time of it did'n'e.

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There was a young girl named
Vaughn,
Who danced in the dew on the laughn.
A cold, so they say,
She caught one sad day,
And now our poor Mary is gaughn.

Higgins was hurrying to catch the
street-car after a basketball practice
when a lady stopped him and said:
"O, sir, will you help the Young
Ladies' Home?"

Higgins: "Well, I haven't much time
but I'll do the best I can. Where are
they?"

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Dies Irae

'Twas the day of exams,
And all through the school
Not a pupil was talking
Or breaking a rule.
Everybody was anxious, and silent, and still;
The teachers were licking their lips for the kill.
In one form especially excitement ran high
With many determined to do or to die.

The looks of the teacher pierced many a heart.
She gave out the paper, made ready to start;
Not a noise could be heard. They were silent and then——
Up piped Watson's voice, "I've forgotten my pen."

A Four-Word Story
Steal—sell.
Steel-cell.

She: "Say something soft and
sweet, dear."
Marks: "Custard-pie."

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And carry spares of what they eat.

Mr. Hatch: "When was radio first operated in America?"

Siemms: "When Paul Revere broadcast on one plug."

Mr. MacInnes: "Where did the arc-lamps come from?"

Gretta Ross: "Noah used them on his out-board."

Teacher: "What. You've left your pencils at home again? What would you think of a soldier who went to war without a gun?"

Evans: "I would think he was an officer."



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McCabe: "Yeh."

Farmer: "How did you get it?"

McCabe: "Oh, I slept in a field last
night and someone left the gate open."

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Women are said to have a larger
vocabulary than the men. We don't
argue—look at the words for the
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Tourist: "Is it true that there are
30,000 islands in Georgian Bay?"

Agar: "Yes, sir."

Tourist: "Will you do me a favour,
then?"

Agar: "Certainly."

Tourist: "Take my wife and
mother-in-law and leave them on each
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